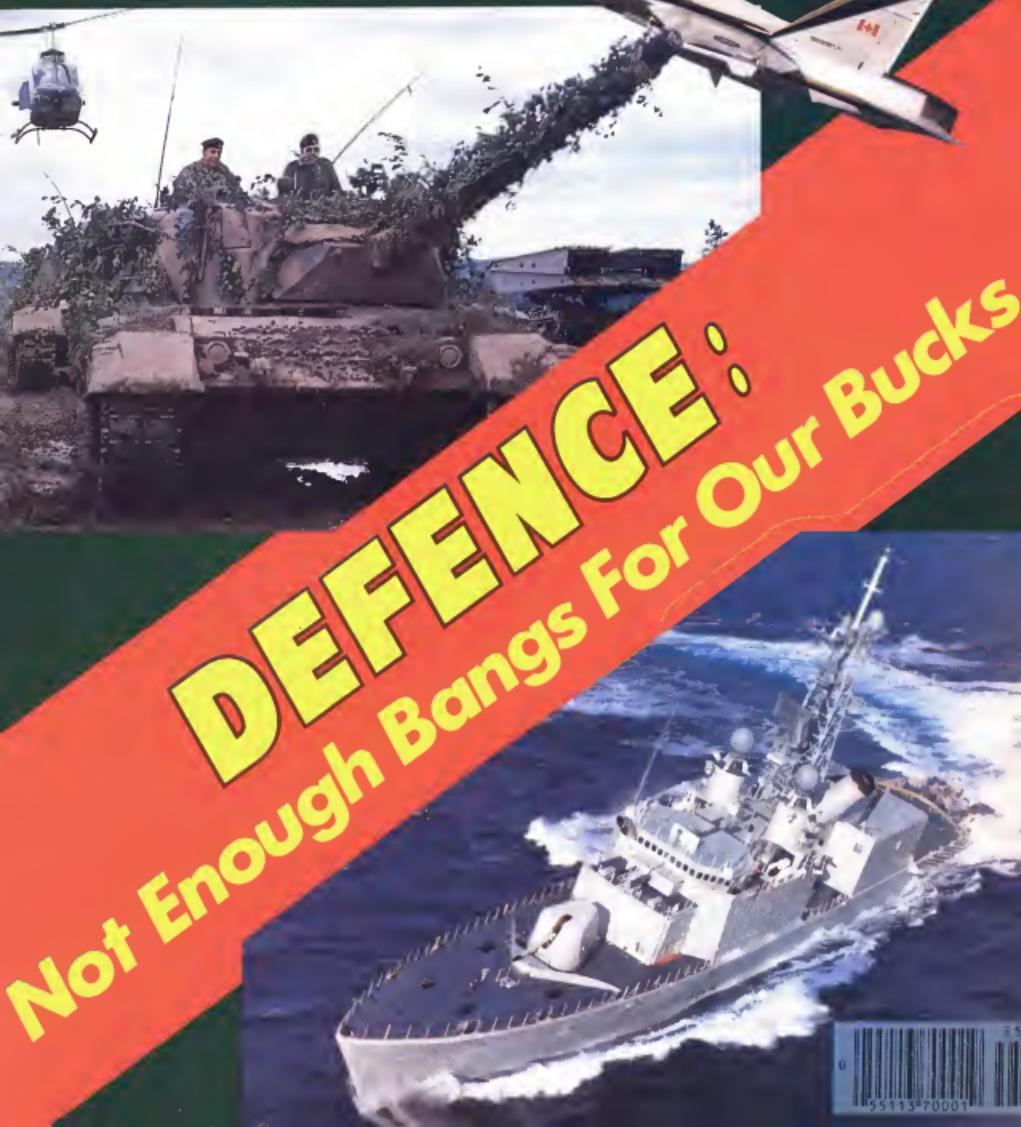


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COVER STORY

Not enough bands

Should they ever be tested in real battle, the Canadian Armed Forces—addled with aging ships, inappropriate helicopters, low budgets and a morrisome dog-in-charged manager—would be in danger of losing their legendary reputation as great fighters. While a re-equipment program is in the works and obsolescence is not an crippling as it used to be, there remains much lost ground to be recovered. —Page 53

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Pressure and the eye

The word from Kent was "magnificently." Then press barons like Ken Thompson sit back — Page 28

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Observations on culture

Two Libyan fighters are shot down in a dogfight with American warplane. — *Page M*



Thirty-second success

erry's Spawndie Barnbarn girl, Sherry Miller, is putting a smile to her face. —Page 48

Jazzin' it up summer

Contrary to popular opinion, jazz is alive and well and thriving in Edmonton — Page 65



EDITORIAL

We must continue to take up arms against a sea of troubles

By Peter C. Newman

Her Majesty's Canadian Ship *Saxonia*, the destroyer-escort pictured on page 25, was launched on March 30, 1963, and she is by no means Canada's oldest warship. Originally designed for a 20-year operational life, the *Saxonia* and her 18 steam-driven sister ships are held together by buckets of grey paint and the dedication of their crews. The computers that guide the electronic equipment that fires their antiquated guns still have glass vacuum tubes no longer manufactured in Canada. They are now being bought from the Soviet Union.

Set against such Noah's Arks is the Soviet fleet, which, according to *Jane's Fighting Ships* (a publication, incidentally, owned by our own Ken Thomson), is growing at a rate of 26 major new fighting ships a year, including the launching of a nuclear submarine every five weeks. The newest Alpha models have titanium hulls and move underwater at 56 km/h—almost outrunning the United States Navy's fastest Mark 48 torpedoes.

In the space age it may seem irrelevant to worry about our defences at sea. Yet the U.S.S.R. is flexing its muscles to warn Polish unionists by showing off its massive sea power in the Baltic, and in the Mediterranean last week it was naval air power that challenged

Liberian pride and sovereignty.

The other branches of Canada's armed forces need more dollars just as badly as our Maritime Command, but it's a good time to be reminded of maritime guru Alfred Thaiger Mahan's dictum that any nation that controls the seas can control the world. The boast of the Carthaginians—the ancient nation that was elevated to eminence by successful nautical commerce—was that no Roman could wash his hands in the Mediterranean without their permission. Not until Rome became a sea power, with a fleet originally modelled on a Carthaginian vessel washed up on an Italian shore, was Carthage finally conquered.

That kind of historical perspective is far removed from the concord of most Canadians. Yet Canada, with a 64,320-km coastline bordering on three great oceans and an economy vitally dependent on trade links flung out over every sea, is a maritime nation and deserves to be defended as such.

As the article on page 22 documents, our dismal preparedness at sea is only one aspect of Canada's lag in defense spending. In NATO, we have fallen behind every member of the alliance except Luxembourg, whose entire military force consists of 200 plumed soldiers. Canada can ill afford to become a latter-day Carthage, the bleached ribs of its once-great navy buried in the sands of time.

Maclean's

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Managing Editor

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Photographer

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Happily ever after

Your story on the marriage of Lady Diana Spencer and Prince Charles (A Fairy-Tale Wedding, Cover, Aug. 18) was most enjoyable. Watching the future King and Queen recite their wedding vows was a moment that all of England and certainly all the British Commonwealth can be proud of.

—CORTIS CAMPBELL,
Springfield, N.H.



The prince and princess—proud

Not as solid as Solidarity

Your article Poland Chooses Its Path (World, July 27) is vague and offers no real information about Poland. How were the delegates to the Ninth Congress ("true church")? How were delegations chosen previously and by whom? Why is there food shortage? You mentioned Poland had a "coalfield in an 'opposition'" and "the suicide rate is down by half." Is what time frame? What is the source for such unlikely statistics? The story had such useless (non)endings as, "It looked sort . . . that the party wanted to fire workers on unproductive branches and staff them to jobs in mining and other exporting industries," and, "the leadership let it be known it was thinking of announcing an immediate 50-per-cent rise in ministerial prices." Give us facts!

—R. MACMILLAN,
White Rock, B.C.

added the neutron bomb to its arsenal, who is the next group to be eliminated for wanting something better? Are the media looking for nothing synonymous in their attempt to shield us from the unpatriotic truth? Let's call a spade a spade. There has been a military take-over in the U.S.A.

—MICHAEL GENDRON,
Burlon, B.C.

Who are those guys?

When a "goon-trot" cowboy with the army as his gang takes over the careers of 12,000 highly qualified and expertly educated workers, it is called a military take-over (Clipper Wings, U.S.A., Aug. 17). The American military and industrial complex sent its army into the control towers. The controllers who have sacrificed themselves in their profession have been kicked away from their bread and butter because they asked for a better deal—90 hours a week is a long time in a pressure cooker. Their requests have been totally and arrogantly dismissed. Now that the gang has

With a little help from the kids

You might not believe this, but when I looked out my two children's window, trivial details many years ago and raised them there, I faced many of the same problems that Brian Knight experienced in his article (Ghosts That Haunt the Classroom, Page 18). Single parents have always been kicked down on. I believe that was the hardest part. But, with my children's no-excuses, I was able to keep my teaching job, keep our home and give them a good, full life. It wasn't easy!

—SYLVIA E. WEAGLE,
Bridgeport, N.H.

PASSAGES



MARRIED: Lyricist Alan Jay Lerner, 62, to actress Liz Robertson, 26, in Bellingham, Sussex, England. The playwright and song-writer of *Gigi*, *Camelot* and *My Fair Lady* met his eighth wife while directing her in a recent revival of *My Fair Lady*. When asked about his future marriage, Lerner replied, "That's a very long story which would spoil this happy occasion."

BORN: A 414-pound boy, Neil Regart Roy, to Canadian high-jumping champion Debbie Brill, 27, and her 19-year-old companion of eight years, Greg Roy, in Vancouver, B.C. who is ranked third in the world, and earlier this year that she plans to return to competition.

DECEASED: Jessie Matthews, 74, a veteran British actress and leading star of musical comedies in the 1930s, in a hospital near London, England, where she was

Dear and glorious scribe

I would like to thank Alan Fotheringham for creating the brightest spot in Maclean's. On the last page we are left with a clear, sweet taste, knowing that the authors haven't fooled him at all. And he has the fortitude to say no using his super-briefly to put it into the wordiest terms of all the reporting faculty.

—PETER HOLLOWAY,
Morm, Sack.

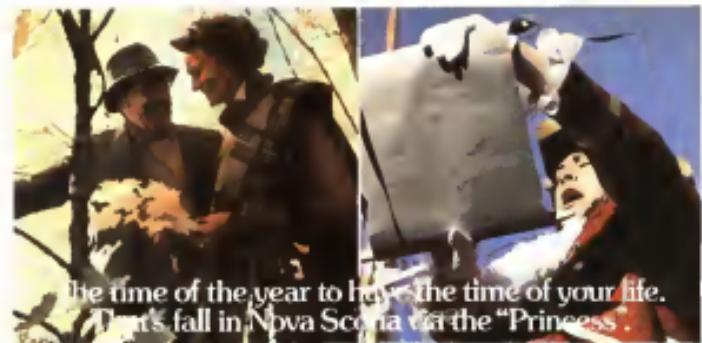


BORN: American humorist, playwright and screenwriter Anna Lee, 33, in New York City. First hired by D.W. Griffith to write captions for the silent screen, Lee later created the Hollywood prototype of the gold-digging vamp in her 1925 short novel, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*—a book George Santayana called "the best philosophical work by an American." Her screenplays include two starring vehicles for Clark Gable, *San Francisco* and *Strategic*.

DECEASED: Stanislaw Walski, 84, stepfather and uncle of Polish Solidarity union leader Lech Walski, after a heart attack at his home in Jersey City, N.J. Stanislaw married his brother's wife, Felicia, also deceased, after the brother died following their Second World War imprisonment in a German concentration camp. Walski emigrated to the United States eight years ago. His body has been flown back to Poland for burial.



DECEASED: William M. Jennings, 63, president of the New York Rangers hockey team, of cancer, at his home in Syosset, Conn. As counsel for Madison Square Garden Corp., and one of its directors, Jennings was named president of the Rangers in 1962 and, in 1967, engineered the expansion of the 94th from six to 12 teams.



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Missiles from the capital

In a few days of convalescence undertaken by request, Allan Fotheringham has behind him the knowledge that many Canadians are disenchanted with the federal government and will join him in generalizing that distance is the city where that government is centred (High-muck-a-muck in *Post*, October, June 28). He does so without question that this highly tenacious logical leap I have lived in four Canadian cities and have visited many others. Ottawa is my home by choice. Fotheringham is becoming a bore in addition to being a bore.

—JUDY BRUNTON, Ottawa



A very sympathetic portrait of Ottawa

Fotheringham is clearly a skillful rider and rider of people and places. He is generally a good writer and, at times, a perceptive one. I read him regularly and enjoy most of his missives. But like most serbiers, some days are highly unproductive when only dross and truism emerge. I am sure Fotheringham had one of those days when he attempted (again) a comprehensive portrait of Ottawa—a very surmising one to say the least. The use of negative hyperbole can yield some interesting results, but only when it touches on reality.

—GIL SCHREINER, Ottawa

Speaking of "gas and pestilence," Fotheringham's fatuous burrige at the City of Ottawa, my home, is inauspicious and unfriendly. Ottawa is not a symbol. It is not the federal government. It is not the denizen of slovenly politicians and

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imply that our worldwide efforts are characterized by a "standoff" between CUSO and the Canadian government perhaps misses the point of the 20 years of work we have done, and only prays with faint discretion. —IAN EMMILLE, Executive Director, CUSO, Ottawa

Money in the mouth of a bad

Some insights into the American Moral Majority are to be gleaned from Procter & Gamble's decision to stop sponsoring "apple and orange" TV programs (*Readers and Sets Don't Lie*, *World*, June 20). In 1975 a sizable left-wing group was a strong sponsor to boycott certain shows because they were showing an apparent adverse effect on children. The sponsors countered that they put this money where it would do the most good, in spite of program content. For this reason I'd be willing to guess that most people don't give an asthetic damn about the Moral Majority, beyond what has always been the American way—they love hate. —JIM LAWRENCE, Vancouver

Smoking and driving don't mix

Besides "politicians, ardent sermons and journalists," there are people in Ottawa who live in and love the friendly neighborhoods where you feel like Fotheringham does when you're in Ottawa, that says more about you than this city. But Fotheringham was right about one thing—it's not a fit place to live for a person like him. —RICHARD C. LUNN, Ottawa

Another burning, harpooned, whining column knocking Ottawa from the godless side. Fotheringham is the godless in the heart of his kingdom in Canada. Why is the poor man a Doct. Bickies' write such absurd columns? With his attitude, Fotheringham should stay in Canada's raw forest. He'd make an outstanding umbrella salesman. —JOY CANN, Thetford, Que.

Close, but no cigar

With reference to your article *Pouring a New Mouth of War* and *Follow-Up*, June 29, I should point out that CUSO's small contribution to international understanding, development and respects through its Cuso programs has not extended to an offer to introduce External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan to Field Castro. We did, however, take pleasure in introducing MacGuigan to several ministers in the newly formed government of Zimbabwe during independence celebrations last year. To

I would go a step further than Angus Reifer and suggest that all MPs as well as the prime minister and his cabinet should have a reduction in their salaries, to the average industrial wage in Canada (*A New Play for the Big Graph*, *Padem*, June 29). In this way these honorable people of the House of Commons might not forget, if indeed they ever knew, what it means to be John Q. Public. —SARAH E. CLOUTIER, Ottawa

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to Letters to the Editor, *National Post*, 447 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7

TIME TO CHANGE?

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A dissonant note for pop music

Canadian music and music played in Canada are not the same thing*

By Bob Boscia

It's safe to say that I moved from Toronto to Vancouver so that I could use *The Tim Drury Show*. It is a nice neighbor for our national cultural climate—or least with regard to my field, Canadian popular music. There was a time when an aspiring musician had to leave home for Toronto or a Remo's in Vancouver. Even the flat as Toronto is an incoming nuclear engineer, the West is where the action is.

Of course there is still music in Toronto, drafting out of the Yonge Street bars, the hotel lounges and the TV and recording studios, but a distinction should be made: Canadian music and music played in Canada are not the same thing. The CRTC's Canadian content regulations have had the same sort of results as the Canadian Film Development Corp.'s homogenizers: they have created an upsurge in the Canadian proliferation of American culture. Other minorities produce distinguished movies, distinctive music and their own cars. We make American cars, American music and movies like *The Exorcist* of the *President*.

However, unlike movies and automobiles, music is cheap to produce and can, though unheralded by the press and unassisted by the CRTC—indeed, despite the CRTC—Canadian music is flourishing. By Canadian music I mean songs and tunes with a sense of place, music that, however indirectly, reflects some aspect of life between the U.S. border and the Beaufort Sea. The title is stereotypically rich and long. Moving west to said, there are Vernon's quirky West Coast ballads and Paul Peel's infectious BC dispensables: there is the low-key blues of Dawson Creek's Billie, the break-up operas of Vancouver's Connie Kular and Don Price, there is Toronto's hot P.E.I.'s Nancy White and Montreal's Kate and Anna McGarrigle; there are Stan Rogers' new charters and Jim Denner's living update of the old Maritime fiddle tunes. Of course there are also Sylvie Tyson, Gordon Lightfoot, Ian Tyson, Bruce Cockburn and Murray McLauchlan, but it is that first list—the "undiscovered"—that is the endearing one, for it represents a flowering that has grown conditioned by no cultural canons.

Starkly, Canadian cultural decisions are made in southern Ontario, and in southern Ontario, Canadian culture is out of fashion. The hayloft days of nationalism, of the Waffles and Walter Gordon, are behind us and gone. Ten years ago the CRTC introduced Canadian content requirements. Now they are looking at deregulation, or, as it was put in a recent report, leaving "more latitude to the broadcasters by setting only broad objectives"; in other words, enlisting the wolves to guard the fold. Meanwhile, radio stations fill their Canadian content quotas with multiple replays of Anne Murray and Paul Anka. New sta-

tion, licensed to provide an alternative, are playing Anne and Paul six months later without a peep from Ottawa. And private TV flouts both the spirit and the letter of its Canadian programming commitments with apparent impunity.

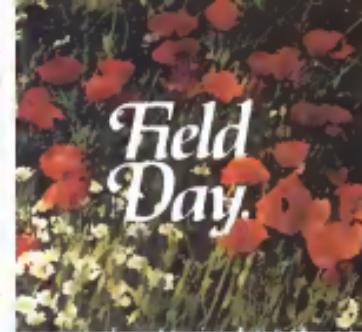
RCI's variety fare is hardly better. True, this past season they showcased John Allan Cameron, the good-humored folk-singer and favorite son of Cape Breton, but then they dumped him in a David Bowie hardsell, surrounded him with Las Vegas glitter and gave him a guest list of American stars. So it goes. Even the CBC, formerly the bastion of Canadian culture, has swung to the south. Cost-restricting programs as *Touch the Earth*, *Country Road* and *Jazz Radio-Canada* had, or at least are, part because of low budgets; such programs would beat the books for Canadian talent.

How is it that distractingly Canadian performers, nothing these with real grassroots success, are passed over? The heat of one CRTC program explained is to see "Sunrise" says: Let's have the McGarrigles or Paul Peel or whatever, but then someone else says 'No' their songs are too long' or some such thing. And that's it. They are just not seen as professionals.² Performers who are in fact remarkable embodiments of northern originality are passed off as faded versions of American cultural clichés. They are not in style—that is, with all-American style so informed by the eastern media. Producers and programmers, western, stare as fondly at the southern sky as they do at the northern lights altogether.

Westerners don't seem to share this northern Ontario fixation. Perhaps it is because the magnetic pull of New York is weakened by distance. In the West, there is an interest in Canadian heritage and Canadian culture that is unheard of back east. For the past five years, Strangband, my band, has lived in Vernon and worked out west. We may not see Ottawa, Hamilton or Windsor for years at a time (if, indeed, we ever leave) but we have played *The Maple Leaf*, *Don Lengenberg's Concerts* and *Get Well By The Coot Accent* in every other town from Victoria, B.C. to Port Hardy, B.C. And to good effect too. Our brand of Canadian music, like that of Paul Peel, Spring, etc., draws crowds in western cities and, surprisingly, almost equally good crowds in the western towns. We have sold thousands of records from the stage. So have the others. In the West, Canadian music is a big deal.

Sooner or later the culture bureaus of the East will get wind of what is going on out in the provinces. Eventually, they may program it or start to write about it. Eventually, Ontario may catch up with the rest of the country.

Bob Boscia is leader of the Canadian folk group Strangband.





"WHEN IT COMES TO BOILER AND MACHINERY INSURANCE, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A STANDARD PACKAGE."

Al Lake, Royal Insurance Branch Manager in Winnipeg, Manitoba, takes a close look at an essential—but often misunderstood—area of business insurance.

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agent or broker. Many times, he'll do it in conjunction with our boiler and machinery specialists. Together we'll work out a package that's written to meet the specific needs of each client. Basically it boils down to asking a lot of questions: What kind of business is it? What kind of cycles are involved? Do you need business interruption insurance? Profits insurance? Extra expense coverage? How long will it take to replace your loss? If it's a broken piece of specialized machinery, it could take a long time to replace. It's up to us to see that insureds are offered proper protection against that loss.

Q. SPECIFICALLY HOW DOES THIS WORK TO THE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR POLICYHOLDERS?

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boiler and machinery insurance, this demands very exacting inspection and loss-prevention programs, and as far as I know, there's no one who can do a more thorough, professional job of it than we can.

Q. IF YOU HAD IT ALL TO DO OVER AGAIN, WHAT WOULD YOU CHANGE?

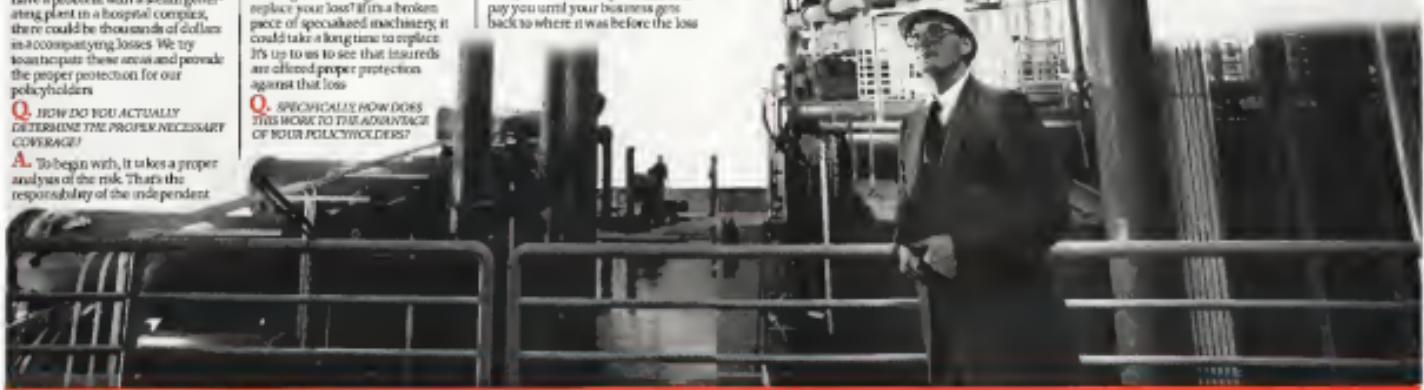
A. Not a damn thing. I still believe that the Royal has the best business philosophy toward doing things, because it gives an individual a chance to improve his knowledge and also really be himself. I know that's not the way some people might think of the insurance business, but that's the way the Royal is. I love the business.

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Bare encounters with the sun-worshipping set

Vancouver's Wreck Beach is the preserve of nude sunbathers

By John Masters

On one of the breakwaters, someone is playing the fife. The sound, haunting sound, of great Fan was here, drifts inland over the beach and is lost in the warm, gliding spray. Two people play "Fisher" at water's edge. At mid-beach a man with a white-and-orange cooler weaves between bearded couples, gals, tourists, mom and dad, and their frisky kids. It is a family beach, with people of all ages, shades and sizes stretching as far as the eye can see in the blinding sun. Nearly everyone is nude.

Hidden by cliffs at the foot of the Point Grey headland, Vancouver's Wreck Beach was once the preserve of the daring and eccentric few, but no more. Today doctors and lawyers, as well as university students, airline attendants and Monsoon-dark backpackers from Quebec, cluster down its 60-metre bluffs, all eager to indulge in a little *au naturel* sunbathing on the country's most famous nude beach. Although people have been coming to it since at least the 1930s to dust their swimsuits, it is only in the past few years, as a higher morality makes public nudity a mainstream navel activity in Lotus Land, that Wreck Beach has exploded from its tucked-away origins

Suntanning requirements during it

146



Sunbathing in the sun at Wreck Beach

beach Vancouver parks and recreation superintendent Victor Kondrusik agrees. "I guess you could describe our policy as looking in the other direction."

Some say support for the beach would be interpreted as acknowledging the nudists, and any move to restrict them would be met with a huge outcry from supporters, the parks board's involvement limited to supplying garbage bins at the top of the bluffs. There are no lifeguards, change houses or lifeguards at Wreck, and this cuts the beach's popularity just fine. "This is not a preserved, sterile beach like Kitsilano or Spanish Banks," says sunbather Judy Williams. "Here the logs aren't laid out neatly, they're the way nature brought them up on the beach. When you come down here you don't have the feeling of being in the middle of a city." Indeed, until a few years ago there were still deer in the woods behind the beach. Even now the shores are still frequented by seals, herons and longfishers.

For regular users like the 38-year-old Williams, the beach is of more than casual importance. Preserving its sands in their present undisturbed state has led to the creation of the Wreck Beach Committee, an ad hoc group of about 40, of which Williams, a special education teacher, is chairman. Beach users have dealt with officials on the beach, ranging from a proposal that a four-lane highway be built along it, to the sending down logs and broken beer bottles right partners leave in their wake.

The committee's biggest victory came this past year when they convinced the University of British Columbia, whose

campus is at the top of the cliffs, not to proceed with a \$12-million erosion control scheme which would have meant the end of nude bathing at Wreck. In place of the destruction of the steep cliffs and their replacement with a series of man-made, graded terraces, the committee was successful in an effort to have the sand dunes at the foot of the cliff's slopes to be left without saplings on the cliff's face. So far it seems to be working, says Williams, and it has certainly preserved the character of the beach.

This year the popularity of Wreck Beach is such that Gathorne tourist shops are offering white and blue sun visors sporting the legend: WRECK BEACH—GRID AND MASH IT. And more and more bathing soft marks or nude bathers are in evidence now, indicating they have defected from more conservative sands. Admittedly, some have come just to sit, but there is more to the uniqueness of Wreck Beach than its off-



Klaus the sandwich vendor at Wreck Beach

the for nudity for the masses. "I have never been to a beach anywhere in the world that has this kind of atmosphere," says Klaus, 42, a Wreck Beach regular since 1968, who is known only by his first name. "Look around you, he invites, swinging his hand over the packed white sands. 'Do you hear any loud music, do you see any wild parties?' It's just people sitting in the sand, having a good time, playing, talking. There is a sense of belonging to something on Wreck Beach, a sense of community that other beaches lack."

The beach's popularity stems, in part, from the nudity, in part from the physical setting and in part from the people who come to the beach. Where else would one find, at different times, jugglers, bongo drums and xylophones

players, monkeys, goats and even a seagull? And all of this, Klaus sells sandwiches and a strawberry custard and coffee de maitre dessert. Others provide cold beer and even naked drinks. Last summer two enterprising fellows offered polo ponies to be ridden between the beach and the sandstone cliffs at the end of the beach. And the planters of trees at the top of the slopes do their best to supply the cliff's face. So far it seems to be working, says Williams, and it has certainly preserved the character of the beach.

This year the popularity of Wreck Beach is such that Gathorne tourist shops are offering white and blue sun visors sporting the legend: WRECK BEACH—GRID AND MASH IT. And more and more bathing soft marks or nude bathers are in evidence now, indicating they have defected from more conservative sands. Admittedly, some have come just to sit, but there is more to the uniqueness of Wreck Beach than its off-

It's not the cola that makes it sparkle.



It's Captain Morgan Black. Taste that makes it.



by the ever-vigilant Wreck Beach Committee.

For Williams, who credits the beach with steadyng her through the break-up of her marriage, Wreck is a healing beach. You can be yourself here, it's a beach where people are accepted as themselves and that is important." More and more people, she says, are turning to Wreck for the relaxation and sense of renewal it provides. She even plans to write a book about it some day. "I'm going to call it *Wreck Beach: A Way of Life*," she says, "because it is truly it."

An old-fashioned knight of the Empire

Sir Edwin Leather is one of the distinguished Canadians who made their mark in England

There was a time when certain Canadians eager to make their mark in the world, gravitated quite naturally to Britain. To such men as Sir Beverley Buxton, Garfield Weston and Lord Beaverbrook, and Thompson, Britain represented a civilization that its colonies merely reflected. More British than the British was the way those Canadian expatriates were often described. Even as the Empire shrank, the Commonwealth expanded and England plummeted into its post-war slump, there remained a few sons of the dominion who distinguished themselves in the House of Commons and the one back in Ottawa.

One such survivor is Sir Edwin Leather, KCMG, BEM, a native of Hamilton, Ont., and a graduate of Trinity College School in Port Hope and Royal Military College of Canada (1960) is



wealth was the source of considerable local philanthropy. The antique-filled family home, built by Sir Edwin's grandfather in 1898, sits on the side of the Bessittes' "mountain," and offers a panoramic view of the downtown streets. It was in Hamilton that Leather as a young child saw the talkie version of *Dracula* starring George Arliss, "and that is what really put the bug into me as far as politics went."

When war broke out in 1939, Sir Edwin had already spent two years as a cadet at sea; and when he joined the Royal Canadian Artillery, he was posted to England. After the war ended, Leather stayed in England and, inspired by his lifelong interest in history and politics, gravitated toward the Conservative Party. He ran in Bristol South in 1945, and was soundly defeated. But in 1950, a year



Kingston, Sir Edwin served for 15 years as a Conservative member of the British House of Commons, and spent eight years as the party's national secretary. He became chairman of the Conservative Party in 1979. In 1972, after the murder of Bermuda's governor, Sir Richard Sharples, Sir Edwin was appointed his successor. He still lives in Bermuda—making frequent visits to his family home in Hamilton—and since his retirement from the government, he has earned a reputation as a writer of murder mysteries. At 88, Sir Edwin looks back on a career considerably more eventful than anything his ancestors in Hamilton could ever have dreamed of, but he remains resolute on his nationality. A bit testily, he says: "People who say I'm not Canadian, because I've lived away for so long, why, they really get my blood boiling. My ancestors were pioneers."

Fifth-generation Canadian

Nonetheless, he is, in appearance, about as Canadian as a German party girl the next he wears a dark overcoat with the kind of velvet collar that demands an umbrella, and has hair, though not a bowler, in a square, flattened fedora which, as anyone who would look him in the eye, would know is ridiculous, but to Sir Edwin looks somehow distinguished. He can say, "Hello, old boy," with an affectation—now suspect he has had years of practice—and even, indoors, inserts a broad grin into the side of his mouth, with condescending glee.

Sir Edwin descends from a long-established family whose fortunes were made in the carriage business and whose

before Sir Winston Churchill led the Conservatives back to power, Leather became North Somerset's member of Parliament.

One of Sir Edwin's greatest honors was leading Churchill out of the Commons on the day of the great statesman's retirement. "I didn't tell my secret to Churchill's wife. We rose, played a few rounds of golf, and I led him out of the Commons for the last time." Officially, Sir Edwin was accompanied by Churchill in a most dignified, if not less tongue, manner. Once, while standing a corner of the Commons audience, Sir Edwin was joined on one side by Harry Crosshank, leader of the House, and Churchill on the other. In the course of the ensuing conversation, Churchill leaned toward Crosshank and relieved himself down Sir Edwin's pants leg.

In some ways, Sir Edwin's career in



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Britain was only a stepping stone. The cycle that began in a movie theatre in Hamilton, Ont., was completed with Leather's posting to Hamilton, Bermuda. In 1974, Sir Robert Shepheard, the governor of the colony, was shot and killed in his garden. "I suppose I was the beneficiary of poor Dickie Shepheard's murder," says Sir Edwin. "Edgar Prince, Minister Edgar Heath thought that a Canadian, and someone with a reputation for rough and ready, would be a good choice." The island's population was then numbered at the time, with Government House an armed camp. "The security forces and the police were isolated," he recalls. "One of the first things I did was to pass that right, with a community relations program, a safety program in the schools, and so on." He was brought blocks into high positions in the police and the Bermuda Regiment. But that was easier than the decision he faced when the two murderers—both blacks in their 20s—were apprehended, convicted and sentenced to death.

Under Bermuda's constitution, Sir Edwin as governor and commander-in-chief could have stepped in and granted them clemency. However, he reasoned that since native Bermudians had fairly tried, convicted and sentenced the pair, it would be "resist colonialism" for a governor to commute their sentences to life imprisonment. The two went to the gallows shortly after Sir Edwin left public life. Happily, he was able to turn his attention to fictional crimes.

"In 1930, a woman named Betty Sheila, and I invented a name called Robert Conway," he recalls. "For years it was no books we were bad lawyers and cops gave us. But we hit upon the idea of creating an art dealer in Vienna as our home. He's part American, part English, with a lot of American connections." Conway first appeared in *The Vienna Elephants* and subsequently in two other books, *The Missouri Sheep* and *The Dallas Doctors*. In each, plus running on the damp appearance or disappearance of the previous work of art, is Edie's fourth novel, *The Lost God of Hippocrates*, which will be published simultaneously in the coming year. Deborah Maysland, a reviewer for *The New York Times*, called it "a book that

Guide and *Shirt*, and *Leather's* novels as tales tell "in the almost forgotten style in which the good guys are recognisable by their dignified appearance, dry chuckle and friendly dogs, and the bad guys are all cold-blooded, amoral-tempered, amorous crew given to evil gloating." Sir Edwin Brown, who sees himself very much in the tradition of Jack London, does not disagree with Marpoch's appraisal. His books are peculiarly English and particularly old-fashioned, and he was nothing wrong with that. See Edwin.



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A 30-year war doesn't end overnight

The complexities of Vietnamese politics linger in the Canadian refugee community

By Ian Anderson

When Huang Bui was told Laser Express Inc. would no longer ship his goods of drug in Vietnam, he went wild. "I do not negotiate with them," he raged, and with small, black steps marched to the telephone of Bui Phuoc, manager in the bowels of Montreal's Guy metro station. The Maekhines with the Confinement units had fled North Vietnam in 1964 and South Vietnam in 1975. And now, he argued, the Communists were trying to weed most of his 1000000 expert business right here in Canada. Behind a plate glass window bedecked with a "Better Business Bureau" sticker, the clerk at Laser Express heard Bui threaten to call the police and expose Laser as a front for the Vietnamese government. There must have been some mistake, he said Bui. Of course Laser would freight his drugs to Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon).

The politics of Canada's 55,000 Vietnamese refugees are as complex now as during the 30 years of war that bled their motherland. While most would like to forget, the war is insistently forced back on the community that took root in this country with the arrival of 9000 refugees shortly after the fall of Saigon in 1975, joining the 3000 who had emigrated earlier. Among the early groups were those Communist students who urged the 1975 refugees to return home. That pressure resulted in an embassy official being expelled from Ottawa. Now community members feel the pressures of helping relatives left behind in Vietnam, pressures enhanced by the post office's refusal to accept any air parcels heavier than 500 grams—a weight limit decreed by Moscow, the transshipment point. That left Laser Express as the only guarantee of swift and safe delivery—and Laser, the refugees believe, is a semi-official agent of the Hanoi government. As far as Bui was concerned, the firm was trying to fatten its profits by squeezing him out.

The publication is a 16-page catalogue of drugs he sends to families in Vietnam. He lists the retail price of the drugs in Canada and the price they will get on the Saigon black market, roughly three times the Canadian price. For special ailments, the refugees have little trouble getting necessary prescriptions from the 90 Vietnamese doctors in Montreal. The doctors were among the elite



who fled when the Thieu regime fell in 1975. Still more arrived in 1979 as Boat People, the third and largest wave of Vietnamese immigrants. The first wave hit Canada's shores during the war years. They were students sent abroad by their parents to avoid the draft. Like their North American counterparts, many defected into anti-war groups. After 20 years, the war-weary Vietnamese sought refuge in the pro-Communist group, Daua-Kat-Viet-Kieu, the General Union of Vietnamese. From their Boundary Street office they in turn ran Laser Express, two doors down.

Trinh Khanh Khan, founder of Association of Vietnamese (top); Boat People in Montreal and dishwasher Huang's red health



Nguyen Van Huang is tall, elegant and secretary-general of Daua-Kat. Like the other four main committees he is a college professor. Laser, he insists, is a private business with no official Hanoi links. He cannot explain why the Laser manager refers any inquiries to Daua-Kat. The aim of Daua-Kat, he says, is to help the Montreal community contribute to the reconstruction of Vietnam. Huang has been in Canada 18 years, married a Quebecer, and is an activist of the sort. His demands are "realists and realists". If they go back they'll be killed." Huang has heard of Phan and Thuy, of course. Longtime Daua-Kat activists, this married couple



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returned to Vietnam in 1979 but fled back to Canada as Best People a year later and have lived in isolation ever since. Hoang terms this case "repulsive" and says they should have known about the hardships they faced. "Why did they leave by boat?" he asks. "It's very dangerous. If they wanted to leave, the government would have made their departure easy."

The leaders of the Association of Vietnamese might agree with that assessment, but would modify it to mean such a departure would be from the world, permanently. Devoidly anti-ethi-

sm, they laugh at Hoang's insistence the Best People left for economic, not political, reasons and that most "are not hostile to the government of Vietnam." To the association, Doan-Ket consists of dangerous dreamers. They ask why Doan-Ket supporters will not return to Vietnam. Hoang, an engineer, replies that he will, someday.

The association was formed to help refugees integrate, to teach them such Western manners as not talking loudly and not hanging loosely in front of laundries. It is a largely middle-class group whose members tend to drift away as

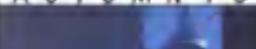
they move into better jobs and, with affluence, away from the city core. They do not look back. "The Vietnamese philosophy is to forget," says Dr. Nguyen Van-Heng, head of the association of 180 Vietnamese physicians in Canada.

One who cannot is Duong Van Quang, once one of Vietnam's most powerful generals and allegedly the most corrupt. Few Vietnamese doubt he has resided, unstashed somewhere, but Quang now works under the name John Duong as the night clerk in a run-down motel in Montreal's dusty east end. "He is making himself very small," reports the owner of one of the Vietnamese grocery stores that serve as collection points for community goings. John Duong has good reason to deserve anonymity. Still under a 1975 deportation order, Quang was returned to the U.S. and, though Vietnam never even bothered to answer Ottawa's inquiry whether it wanted him back, his return to be interviewed, charges fellow workers will start going. There are other reasons. When a newspaper photograph revealed him working dishes in a downtown restaurant, he was visited by other refugees. They wanted their money back. They claimed they had been born in 1975 for exit papers that did not arrive before the North Vietnamese troops did.

On boulevard Edouard-Montpetit, the former hub of Vietnamese Montreal, lives Dr. Nguyen Ho. He worked on a goliathic cup factory while he studied, at age 18, for his Canadian medical exams. Now his physicians' association helps the latest arrivals get into hospital intern programs, a far lengthier job now than during the charitable days of 1975 when Quebec created 68 special internships for Vietnamese doctors. "Sometimes we feel bitter, but we don't complain," says Nguyen. "Our tradition is that we think of ourselves as guests. But it seems sometimes asked, because if you accept these people it seems you should also give them the opportunity to fulfill themselves."

Within a month of arriving in Montreal Nguyen's mother died, having never recovered from a sickness that worsened as a refugee camp. He was broke and accepted a "houseparty" post for her, paid for by Ottawa. Last fall he corrected the situation. His brother drove in from Oklahoma with his family, his two sisters flew from Saskatchewan and Prince Aranathai warship, a treasuror of Vietnamese culture, and such a burial is more important than a mere oration. They transferred the mother's remains to a permanent plot, in Canadian soil, paid for by Nguyen's Canadian dollars. The ceremony had a double symbolism for him. Since those first posts of the "houseparty" resting place, his family had finally found a permanent home. □

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FOLLOW-UP

Changing jail and gender



SHELLY BALL IN KINGSTON PRISON: 'I'M NEITHER MALE NOR FEMALE.'

Shelly Ball's left arm is mostly and surgically assured from her wrist to her elbow. It's called slacking, a common way of releasing frustration in the Kingston penitentiary for women. Next month, Ball, 26, will have served one year of her life sentence there. Before that, she served 2½ years in maximum security for men. Shelly is the only Canadian to have undergone a sex change while in custody and to have served time in both male and female prisons.

Ball's operation was heralded as an example of the humanity and benefits of the Canadian penal system. But the says if she had it to do over again, she wouldn't. Post-operative infections have left her disfigured. Her surgically created vagina has almost closed. In much the same way that porous ears require earings to maintain the opening, a created vagina needs regular dilation. But because she was immediately transferred to the prison for women following the recovery period, Shelly has been unable to have intercourse. "Unless I have further surgery," she says, "I'll never have sexual intercourse in my life. What they did was take an inmate out of a male penitentiary, mutilate her, and put her in a female penitentiary. I'm physically schizophrenic. I'm neither/male nor female."

Two years ago, the sex change was deemed, according to Dr. William Davis, director of the Kingston Penitentiary Center where Ball received postoperative care, to be "in her best interest." In 1971 William Ball was convicted for the stabbing of a man in an Elmvale hotel. At that time, Ball had breasts (de-



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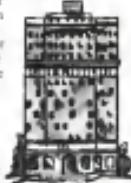
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veloped through hormone therapy) and was drawing and passing menstrual fluid as a means of prerequisites for surgery. In Alberta, the health insurance plan covers the orthopaedic and plastic surgery necessary for a sex change. On Oct. 6, 1976, after Bill signed a consent form under the alias Jan Bremar in name provided by a friend from the private group of doctors, Bill says, the major surgery was done, followed by about 10 minor operations. The complications that ensued are not unusual in transsexual surgery, and Bill is gratified to have reached the best possible care.

Dr. Paul Mackenzie, gynaecologist for the women's pen, agrees that further surgery is needed, although he is cautious about predicting results. "Once you have scar tissue, corrective surgery is very difficult." Consultations with a plastic surgeon have been scheduled, and Dr. David Oregan, director general of medical and health care services for the ministry of correctional services, maintains that "having started the process, whatever is reasonably or surgically necessary will be undertaken."

Switching genders is not easy, under any circumstances, but in prison it is



especially difficult. According to Bill, in Alberta and Saskatchewan she was segregated unnecessarily for months because prison officials feared for her life. But she preferred doing time in a male environment. "In the male institution I was put on a pedestal, everything was given to me and done for me. I was treated more as a female in the male institution. Here I'm just an equal."

And she is accepted as such. "The men said I'm a lot more woman than many women in here. I guess because I want to be." Social acceptance is a welcome standing, her struggle to become a woman is not yet over. "They say I'm not adjusting well, but what the hell do they expect? I'm doing as well as I can under the circumstances."

—CAROLYN MORTON



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Many of the programs are well-known and well under way. The tanks have arrived, as well as the 480 new armored cars (worth \$71 million) and the last of 18 Aurora long-range patrol aircraft (\$1.2 billion). A \$4-billion contract exists for the delivery of 120 of the controversial McDonnell Douglas F/A-18 fighter aircraft. Also on order are 22 small transport aircraft (\$1.2 million), 2,367 new 20-ton trucks (\$103 million) and six new submarine-hunting frigates (\$3 billion). To these, the military continues to put its money.



Gen. Ramsey Millers, chief of the
fence staff open fire at point-blank



Lt.-Gen. Dennis C. Thoburn, vice chief of defence staff; a reasonable pressure

are an artillery computer system, an air-transport plane, an air surveillance system and a wide range of personal weapons (see box, page 281). "You can't have a first-class carpenter," says Chief of Defence Staff Gen. Hanssen Withers, "unless you give him wood to work with."

Wood, of course, is often considered quaint in the 20th century, visually pleasing but without the strength produced by modern technology. Canada, having sworn off any nuclear involvement, has a purchase program and defense strategy based entirely on conventional weapons. But it may be one thing to buy nuclear conventional equipment for morale-building purposes or simply to elevate defense spending to please allies, and an entirely different thing to actually create a system.

"The question to ask us, 'Will more arms make us more secure?' " says activist James Stark. "If we are invaded by Ireland or Latvia, maybe our conventional arms will come into play, but the probability of that is nil. We are in the age of massive nuclear overkill." Stark

than that which fall on Hiroshima—the ability to wipe the world out 30 to 40 times over never seems to be enough.

Defence Minister Gilles Laroque wants to say, "Defence is not only defence, it's a great economic asset for Canada." He refers, of course, to the estimated 83-billion-spent-on-^{the} F/A-18 fighter program. But for the superpowers that gunpowder is an *asset*—arguably the most significant economic base the United States, about to embark on its own \$15-billion defence rebuilding program, considers that while spending \$3 billion on the military creates 35,000 jobs, the same amount spent on tax cuts will produce 128,000 new jobs. Laroqueta says he agrees with the principle that if you don't want war, get ready for war—but he readily admits that you can't be ready always.



Operation Downwind, a group seeking a worldwide referendum on nuclear disarmament. Given historical precedence—the Bataan Council of 1938 prohibited the use of the crossbow against Christians, without much effect—the chance of a voluntary peace seems remote. *Death to the Crossbow* remains a useful reminder of the power of a single, uncompromising, uncompromised idea.

more than peace is a myth anyway since the Second World War, some 16 conventional wars have lasted a total of more than 400 years, leaving 25 million dead. By best reckoning, total world peace since 1945 has run 26 days, give or take a few minutes. So the Canadian government should be that it is better to

War. The sugar, tobacco and other habits are not good for the health, a big, big business. World military spending amounts to more than \$1 billion daily, probably as high as \$800 billion a year. For every dollar spent on health in the world, 45-50 goes toward potentially harming people, and though there are now 60,000 nuclear weapons in existence, there is still no weapons control.

national weapon building falls into step with a newly war-conscious world. Even Japan—despite a constitution that renounces war and the right to maintain the military—has a 1986 defense budget of \$12 billion (U.S.), nearly three times the Canadian level.

American response to Soviet military supremacy (see chart, page 21) and the Leiden Wiesbaden boast that "in 1985 we will be in a position to impose our will whenever necessary." Warmongering, of course, is a world of lies and exaggeration, but it is significant that the *Strategic International Institute for Strategic Studies* in London concluded in this year's report: "The Warsaw Pact has an advantage which will become more pronounced in the next few years, as Soviet programs continue. Not until NATO begins to deploy new long-range systems in about 1988-90 can any substantial increase in its capability be expected."



MRCA's: Measures of older aging probability but aging nevertheless

earlier, which has moved 10 times since 1947, now stands at four minutes to midnight—fully eight minutes closer to doomsday than it was a decade ago.

The evaporation of Vietnam-born anti-war sympathies and the recent warming of the cold war has meant today's hawkishness has considerable soft ground to repair. This is one issue regarding which the Trudeau government

has tended to move with public opinion, putting NATO at the bottom of the defence priority list at the height of anti-Americanism in the early '70s, and casting it in now that American Jews seem welcome again in Canadian shores like the acts of those years—such as the four-star dress on the defence budget—have proven extremely costly. "I'm not sure the country realises just how desperate the situation gets with equipment," says Michael McKinnon, director of defence for the think tank. They government, McKinnon believes, had to move military money, but the turning point dates back to 1975 when a now-closed uranium plant, Chalk River, started

ster, James Richardson, pushed the almost into the first of the new spending programs, including the Long-range tanks and long-range patrol aircraft designs. Richardson, "The numbers weren't big, but the policy was right."

Richardson still believes Canada has a bigger role to play in NATO and would like to see it not only live up to its 1976 NATO promise of moving defence spending to three per cent of the gross national product but arrive at closer to

ive per cent. Other allies are also having problems meeting the promise of powerful West Germany, for one) but the Americans have been pressuring, and they have persuaded Britain, West Germany and Italy to take delivery of 572 new Fench 31 and cruise missiles for the defence of Europe. Although, as Lashgari says, "We don't have to



Vice-Admiral Andrew Fullerton, commander, Maritime Command, is paid

per cent in only three states. Other bills contain even more remarkable news: 56 per cent of the population believes there is a 50-50 chance or better war within this decade and, as about sentiments to come, 85 per cent of adults aged 16 to 17 are in favor of Disney censorship in this country.

Options, however, are cheap; they're up in the head, not the pocketbook. A \$40,000 engine that powered a Second World War fighter is now a \$2-million

in power block, with unit costs for jets using an unworkable 30 to 40 per cent tax. Some people, such as Allan Skinner, believe that they will solve Canada's early fiscal problems to some. For the coming decade there is already \$9.4 billion committed to purchase and the coming crunches—1982, 1984, when planes and trucks—will be, 1986, when the last planes accompany the first freighters—are off. And this is without considering any of the other major expenses of the Canadian forces. The factory, for example, would now be capable of "flogging" up to two or three times as many as the defense ministries' budgets.



of today's surveillance equipment. The West Germans have pared this vital exercise down to six hours. It takes Canadians three days. To change this, just for starters, would require perhaps 40 high-speed transceivers, and then huge helicopters to move them and them.

There are horror stories everywhere, but nowhere more than that in the semi-protected Canadian navy. Day after day, the Warsaw Pact did break out. And the Warsaw Pact won. The Canadian destroyers ran into basic electronics problems. With their integrated weapon-eze technology, it might be difficult to obtain reinforcements from the current supplier, the Soviet Union. One of these destroyers, the Fraser, a steam-driven job commissioned in 1957, returned from last year's manoeuvres with a two-metre crack in her deck, just she's scheduled to be kept operating for another eight years. There are four modern Tribal-class destroyers, commissioned in 1972 and 1973, and the 15 other operational frigates are being salvaged by a \$100-million refurbishing program to extend their lives into the 1990s, a full decade beyond a ship's life expectancy of 25 years.

Admiral Robert W. Turnbull, retired commander of Maritime Command, has laid it out: a Senate subcommittee that Canada's military capability has declined to the point where it is becoming close to a national and international embarrassment." When asked what



BERNARD RODRIGUEZ

Langue from her service in controls

was needed, Turnbull readily produced a shopping list: a doubling of the 18 Hornets, 60 jet-destroying helicopters able to operate from destroyers, new operating bases (including one in the Arctic), airfields, new repair and overhaul facilities, a fighting force of 38,000 (current test force strength is 11,000) and a backup of 12,000 marines (currently 3,000). Without contemplating the billions of dollars involved there, Turnbull said the N-1 priority, above all else, was new fighting ships. Apart from the four Tribal-class destroyers, the current fleet "should not be sent to sea to fight a present-day war." They are not.

Navy thinkers are currently alarmed by the recent announcement that Britain's Royal Navy will shift defense emphasis from frigates to submarines and maritime planes—precisely at the moment when Canada is about to reassess design contracts for the \$3.6-billion new frigate program. Even if all goes ahead without a hitch, the projection for the future remains gloomy. "All we can see is being fully operational by 1988 is 10 ships," says Frank Callewaert, program director of the 25,000-member Navy League of Canada.

Maritime Command is also 100 offi-



Billy Bishop with Spitfire. There may be spit but no more polish is promised

cers, ranging from protective clothing for nuclear, biological and chemical warfare to Tacfire, a field computer that instantly divides the range, battery and type of round needed to answer incoming enemy fire. Unfortunately, Tacfire is so complicated to use that it often breaks down. This is a widespread complaint with the new fighting gear, and the problem is compounded by human failure.

Rilles saw many infrared sights for night fighting. Laser guns—the gun炮 of science-fiction fantasy—are distinctly possible before the end of this

decade. And at it it's not already far enough on the ground, the armaments race is also moving into outer space where spy satellites will carry laser cannons—they work splendidly in space to shoot down intercontinental ballistic missiles.

No, today's soldier is not the same Spf, perhaps, but certainly not pale. The American army will not even permit shiny boots these days because they're too easily detected by an enemy using infra-red lenses. In the 1980s, saying "War is hell" just isn't strong enough anymore.

The push-button smart war

Say there were indeed a war fought between NATO and Warsaw pact forces. There would be an Italy Borgia, as Andre Murphy, the heroes of such a nightmare, would be, in all probability, a computer and a bacterium, at least technology. The Vietnam War, after all, produced no American heroes, partly because it was an unpopular war, but partly, too, because it was fought with chemicals, attack helicopters and so-called "smart" weapons. The Americans even had battery-operated detectors to drop along the Ho Chi Minh trail disguised as young palm trees; the detectors could report back on the smell of human urine.

One of the Canadian military's most sophisticated modern weapons is the anti-air TOW (for tube-launched, optically tracked, wire-guided), which fires 37,000 missiles with uncanny and devastating accuracy. But this is child's play compared to some aspects of tomorrow's war. The U.S. Seventh Army, for example, is expecting some 300 new items of equipment over the next six

years, ranging from protective clothing for nuclear, biological and chemical warfare to Tacfire, a field computer that instantly divides the range, battery and type of round needed to answer incoming enemy fire. Unfortunately, Tacfire is so complicated to use that it often breaks down. This is a widespread complaint with the new fighting gear, and the problem is compounded by human failure.

Rilles saw many infrared sights for night fighting. Laser guns—the gun炮 of science-fiction fantasy—are distinctly possible before the end of this

Comparing the NATO and Warsaw pact war machines

NATO

Army Military	\$ (Billion) Defense Expenditure	% of GDP	Military Aircraft	Tanks	Attack Safecraters	(PCBM) Intercepted Ballistic Missiles
Belgium	97,000	1.4	3.2	285	107	—
Bolivia	219,900	9.1	4.6	1,235	1,031	31
Canada	1,000,000	1.7	107	2,307	—	—
Denmark	23,000	0.3	3.0	331	312	4
France	41,400	24.3	3.8	2,348	2,830	31
West Germany	410,000	3.1	3.1	1,977	3,846	31
Greece	181,500	2.0	—	482	1,130	16
Italy	214,000	1.5	1.9	1,360	4,015	9
Luxembourg	300	0.01	1.0	—	—	—
Mathachusetts	112,000	4.2	3.4	215	958	4
Norway	87,200	1.8	2.1	258	116	15
Portugal	20,000	0.3	0.9	219	46	3
Turkey	67,000	1.2	—	301	3,205	14
United States	9,000,000	121.2	3.2	4,832	12,500	11
						1,254

Warsaw pact

Bulgaria	149,000	1.7	2.1	267	1,000	4
Czechoslovakia	310,000	1.7	2.8	782	2,600	—
East Germany	102,000	2.7	—	362	2,040	—
Hungary	93,000	1.7	2.1	230	1,410	—
Poland	337,000	5.0	2.1	1,220	3,100	6
Romania	184,000	1.7	1.4	218	1,000	—
Soviet Union	3,180,000	121.0	11.3	4,633	10,000	119

ers and men short, but here it is the same sort as the other divisions. McKinnon calls it a "managerial crisis" and proof of this may well have been revealed in the enormous wastage of the defense subcommittees. The pol.complaints are far-reaching—misogynistic housing on the West Coast, wages everywhere—and the high attrition rate (about 12,000 leave each year) has knocked the wind out of the recruitment program. The 4,700 extra personnel promised by 1985 have failed to materialize, rising at barely 400 new soldiers per year. The hurt is felt mostly in key areas—maritime engineers, for example, are used to 20-per-cent understaffed—and there is a reported shortage of 4,000 specially trained pilots. The advertising campaign (7000017's "NO LIFELINE IT") costs \$40 million a year and may require far more due to the shrinking baby-boom pool in which the forces have fished for the past decade. Still, though the wages are not competitive (\$684 a month to start as a private), for some it's the only place that offers opportunities. For example, CPT-101 Cadet Denise Langlois, one of 5,825 women in the force, gave up a well-paying job as a PC Air flight attendant

because the armed forces offered the only chance she could find to move from her service to sexual controls. By next year she should be a qualified pilot. The reserves are in such dreadful shape that a parliamentary subcommittee has been set up to investigate and report back by Dec. 15. Skimming from a lack of equipment and manpower, the Canadian reserves have fallen to 22,000, of whom more than two-thirds are students. Whether the militia has ever returned to its 1955 level of 45,000 is not known, but Langlois does mention the reserves as his second priority, right behind maintaining defense spending at three per cent of the GDP.

Falling to lowest priority, by implication, is de-mobilization—the return to the old-style uniforms. The Terry government was clearly heading toward it. He remains a conviction issue 33 years after unification, despite the fact that nearly 70 per cent of the forces feel that the basic green uniform makes them look like garbage men and gardeners. But Langlois says, "I think we have much more important things to get on with." It is estimated that new, separate uniforms for army, navy, and air force would cost \$50-60 million but, says Terry, "It would," he says, taking a drink to reflect to prove our worth."

Sargeant, "If it would vastly improve morale, I think it would be worth it."

Yet morale is not perceived to be down among those who choose to stay in the forces, and a sharp rise in new recruits since January appears to add to that sentiment. The military believes public opinion is "on board" these days and it has polls to back up their claims. As well, the public purchases the assume Leopard tanks and the high performance Aurora jets, and particular buyers buy with spirit, to have the greatest personal satisfaction of the career.

The federal government that the Canadian forces, as in past conflicts, need more men for more (though it retains 40,000 for peace) is the world's "Wherever they are able to compete," says McKinnon. "Canadian are second to none." In Lake, the small town on the edge of West Germany's Black Forest where the 3,000-strong Canadian Forces Europe are stationed, Capt. Peter Dubois flatly declares, "We're better qualified, better paid and more experienced in our trade." A less-biased and more diplomatic opinion comes from 14-Les Hines-Jacques, Major of NATO headquarters in Brussels: "Men for men, the Canadian military personnel are among the finest on the command."

Back at Gagetown, on a night when the New Brunswick weather is in full tantrum over the Hessian bavarian area, several men gather in the mess tent of the 1st Engineers de la gendarmerie, the field engineers from Beech Valleyettes in Quebec. The men talk as, obviously to the machine-guns of heavy rain on tar-paper, the spook of wind along the tent's walls. Beech Valleyettes are raising down the American soldiers—totally without discipline, they say. "The Americans would lose half their forces," says WO Doug Dugdale, a 17-year veteran. "I don't think there's a Canadian who would turn and run." Sgt. Yves Berrier holds his thick arms and nods. "We're better soldiers than they are," he says, expanding at length on the 12 years he has spent in such places as West Germany, Cyprus and the Middle East. "If we only had the equipment."

At the far end of the table, Master WO Doug Nale calls for another round of beer. After 21 years in the service he says he still feels better in his uniform outside of his native country than within. The people back home just don't understand. The beer comes and he initiates the evening to a single sentence. "It would," he says, taking a drink toward a neighbor, "take a major commitment to prove our worth."

With jazz from Carol Bernsen, Peter Carley-Godwin, David Bernier, Brian Drayton, Melinda Gray, Peter Lewis, William Louttit, Louise, Alan Terry, and Pauline

A sharp rebuke to the groin

Liberals are humiliated in Joliette and Spadina



By Susan Riley

A week passed in an excruciating moment in the packed lecture hall in Toronto last week, the new MP for Spadina, Dan Hepp, calmly slipped through Stephen Leacock's *Sheaves of a Little Town* in search of a story entitled The Whistler Campaign, a satirical take about an election in fictional Mariposa. "I had in mind to read a few paragraphs to the crowd, but thought far too wild and reverent for that," said Hepp, who contented himself with a few words of amazed appreciation. The cheer was hardly surprising. The quiet-spoken Anglican minister and committed socialist had just handed the powerful Liberal government its sharpest rebuke in a year.

The question now is not so much how Hepp won (he had a strong local NDP organization and a reputation as a hard-working city alderman for the area), but why Jim Coats, the hand-picked candidate of the ruling Liberals, lost. Theories abound, but the most persistent in Ottawa last week among shrewd party strategists was that the Liberals appeared not to care about the economy. Results from the simultaneous by-elections in Joliette, Que. (where Tony Rock LaSalle not only won back his seat but did it with a 13,000-plus margin), seem to confirm what



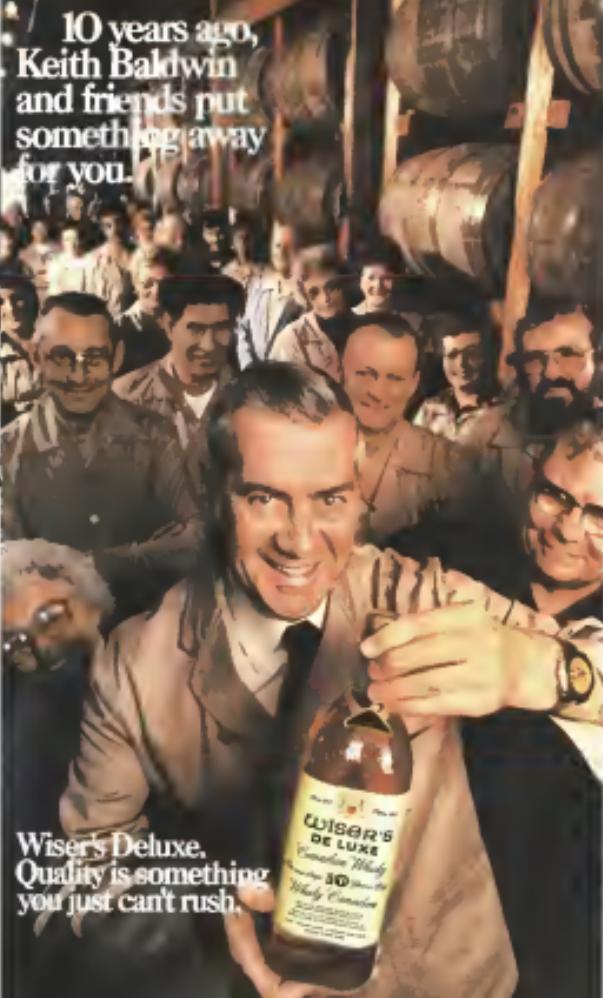
Victor Hepp (far left) with Coalition Leader and wife, Trudeau returns from Africa: the economy really is a political problem

spread dissatisfaction with the Liberals' policy of economic drift. The Joliette results are particularly sobering in light of the efforts made by Quebec's Liberal machine on behalf of its candidate, Michel Denon, several cabinet ministers and some 30 Ottawa MPs campaigned in the riding. Says Jean Laprade, an energetic young Liberal back-bencher from Granby, Que., who worked in Joliette: "We've had a terrible image for the last few months. We have the PM going away—if your house is on fire, you don't go away—we have the social strike, high interest rates."

Multiculturalism Minister James Flavelle—one of the few ministers in Ottawa last week—said it was a "bom rag" to blame the election loss on the recent "working holiday" in Africa. However, another Ottawa Liberal back-bencher, who asked not to be named, noted: "The PM's in Africa [Postmaster-General André] Ouellet is in Europe during the postal strike and [Finance Minister Allan] MacEachen is sipping tea in Cape Breton. How is the voter supposed to react to that?"

But some of the blame for the Spadina loss must also rest on Jim Coats's small shoulders. Apart from instilling public concern about the economy—he insisted throughout the campaign that jobs and family reunification were the issues in Spadina, not inflation and interest rates—his organization made

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Quality is something
you just can't rush.

At the distillery in Thedford, Ontario, proud Wiser people, including our master blender Keith Baldwin, prepare your whisky.

some basic errors on the ground. While Coats had an impressive array of shaggy lawyers, he came with a lot of belligerent and ambitious young MPs as his team, his organization failed to get Liberal voters to the polls on election day—an agonizing defeat of the many strong and not-so-strong Indians. Tory pollster Allan Gregg says that on the day the election results were issued the Liberals were so far ahead that "Coats couldn't lose." But on voting day, Gregg estimated 2,700 Liberals stayed home—and Hesp's margin of victory was only 150 votes. Many others, particularly in the recently renovated parts of the riding and in the Italian community, voted for Hesp. Some strategists say they might as easily have voted for Tony Lazarus-Sabia, who made a respectable third-place showing, but for her amateurish organization and the fact that the Tories do not have a well-defined position on the economy.

As far as Coats himself, he has always been characterized as a manipulator, a user of people—a characterization that was strengthened by the manner in which he became a Liberal candidate in Spadina (Pierre Trudeau elevated the sitting MP, Peter Stollery, to the Senate to clear the air apparently) and sent for his legal pad to a secretary giving Coats a considerable jump in campaigning—drawing "Senator Hesp" (couplets on election night.) But while Coats worked hard, he didn't appear to learn much from the voters, or even be interested in learning much. Pondering quick handshakes in policy statements he counted the leaders of Spadina's ethnic communities—leaders who apparently did not, or could not, deliver their votes—and opened his campaign with an unctuous speech praising Pierre Trudeau as a leader and a father. As a measure of how out of touch the Coats team was with ordinary concerns, one of his chief aides told reporters during the campaign that the economy wasn't an issue because people don't think in abstract terms.

There is nothing abstract about mortgage rates, however, nor about a finance minister who does little but blarney all our economic problems on the Americans. "Voters don't rely on Ronald Reagan to solve our problems," says a frustrated Jean Lapierre. "They rely on us." This week Coats was to return to Ottawa along with several vacationing cabinet ministers to survey the wreckage of the Aug. 17 by-election. Coats would be well-advised to prepare for a sudden outpouring of concern from Ottawa—but not necessarily for action. As far as many Liberal schemers on Parliament Hill are concerned, there is nothing the government can do about the economic situation—except, perhaps, seem interested. ♦

Ottawa

The pressure and the press

I t sounded, well, manipulative. With a nasal intonation and snore, editorial writers across the land set their electronic word-processor at "Off" for Otagro and let fly a noisy fusillade of epithets. The target was the report of the Royal Commission on Newspapers which, variously, was derided as a monster, blithely biased, amateurish and amateurable. Richard Doyle, editor-in-chief of *The Globe and Mail*, even broke off his vacation for a rare trip to Ottawa, where the report was released.

manished and demoralized. The report willingly reinforced the view of industry critics that the lack of diversity in ownership has forced corporate greed at the expense of editorial quality. The commission proposed that Pierre Trudeau's government, already beset by political fire, court outrage from the Fourth Estate by imposing dramatic changes in the way newspapers are owned and run, among them:

• A Canada Newsprint Act that would give newspaper autonomy by compensating five or more papers. Southern and Thomson included, by a company like the independent Toronto Star, where circulation already is more than 220,000, or by firms like Maclean Hunter, whose non-newspaper assets would be larger than the value of the paper they proposed to buy.



Royal commissioners Pizard, Kent and Sparks: a veritable理想的 delight

and orchestrated an editorial dismantling its findings as "a veritable slab's delight of interference in the ownership and operation of the nation's press." At week's end, in *The Globe's* very own new page, commission Chairman Tom Kent allowed that the nature of the editorial attack "fully confirms the analysis of the state of the problems of the newspaper industry."

The central conclusion of the year-long study by Kent* was that growing concentration of chain ownership—77 per cent of daily circulation vs. 56 per cent a dozen years ago—is "unacceptable" and "entirely unacceptable for a democratic society." The commission found that the breathtaking series of closures and deals by *Postmedia* Newspapers Ltd. and *Southern* last summer—which led to the Kent inquiry and subsequent charges of conspiracy to reduce competition (Maclean's, May 13)—had left practitioners of the trade increasingly worried about the future of the media.

The divergence by Thomson of either its 35 regional dailies or the national *Globe and Mail*.

• A ban on cross-ownership of newspapers and broadcasting outlets in the same city. Media families such as the Irvings of New Brunswick, the Blacklumbers of London, Ont., and the Stiks of Saskatchewan (based in Morden, Ont.) thus would have to sell off either their papers or their broadcasting stations. The report also calls on Southern to sell off its 30 per cent stake in Selkirk Communications Ltd., with heavy broadcasting interests in BC and Alberta.

• A Press Rights Panel which, in addition to monitoring and interpreting the new press law, would receive reports from advisory committees established at papers owned by chains and conglomerates to assess editorial performance, as set out in a formal contract between the owner and an editor.

• Capital cost allowances, up to five per cent of newspaper shares, to encourage individual investors to buy up papers put up for sale by chains.

• Tax credits for dailies that spend 10 per cent on daily newspaper but receive no more than 10 per cent of the weekly *Financial Post*.



more than the national average on editorial content, warranties for dailies that do not and special grants for news agencies like *The Canadian Press* to match increased expenditures on news coverage.

Predictably, the owners raged about a government take-over. Kenneth Thomson vowed to fight the proposed divestiture in the courts. "We demanded and will continue to interfere with his private property rights," *Globe* Publisher Ray Maclean said. "It's greedily unfair and [Maclean] said that Thomson could be forced to close the paper," while the report lauded the launch of a satellite system that allows same-day delivery of the

Globe across the country. "I don't see anyone else rushing in to launch a national edition," Maclean declared.

For Southern's part, President Gordon Fisher discounted the findings as "more dramatic than necessary." He conceded, "I don't argue against the recommendations if adopted, would be a 'positive convergence' to move into the United States." "We either go into another industry," he asserted, "or we stay in the industry in another country beyond these controls," Walter Blackburn, whose grandfather bought *The London Free Press* in 1865, rejected both the recommendation that his family sell either the paper or its broadcasting stations and the plan of formal contracts with editors. "I wouldn't for a minute,"

For all its sound analysis of the problems, the Kent commission was at times surprisingly inconsistent in proposing solutions. It would, for example, perhaps daily press free of advertising wouldn't be the same idea, but would not bring itself to insist on requiring the *Toronto Star's* acquisition of 15 suburban Toronto weeklies—a deal that was basically carried out at the height of the commissioners' hearings. The report also stressed the desirability of local ownership and control, yet in London



Thomson, Maclean (with satellite dish) and Fisher (below) plotting government policy in the newspapers?

said Blackburn, "wish to have a government ag in the form of an editor in my newspaper."

Not all of the reaction was negative. Keith Davy, who chaired a Senate media committee a decade ago, hoped that this time the Trudeau government would heed the call for curbs, because "the situation has gotten so much worse." There was praise, too, from labor organizations, certain politicians, such as Saskatchewan MP Dennis Alan Hesketh, and the Consumers' Association of Canada, which lauded the pitch for wider ownership. In Quebec there was general content that the bourgeoisie of French-language families, mainly because the commission did not wag a critical finger—although recognition among the French社群 is more pervasive than in English Canada (90 per cent compared to 54 per cent).

Speaking for the government, James Fleming, minister of multiculturism and a former broadcaster, termed the report "startling," but he defined its pronouncements on the substance instead. Fleming announced the formation of two government committees to study the report. Whether the government, in addition to coping with the emerging economic crisis and the fight with big business over a new energy policy, now has the will to move from the potential plan to its goal is another question.

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and New Brunswick it opens the door to potential acquisition by firms from outside. By holding out the vision of groups of individual investors pooling their resources, the report also begs the question: how much more narrowminded would the *Globe* be, say, if it were owned by 20 dentists or postal clerks instead of the Thomson family? "An owner is an owner," notes Robert Kurian, University of Waterloo economist and spokesman for the Consumers' Association of Canada. "What is important is the diversity of ownership, not the size."

In effect, the Kent commission is calling for a leap of faith that individuals and smaller interests will march out of the woodwork into newspaper boardrooms over the next five years, under the approving eye of bureaucrats. "If you could see the balance sheets of some of these companies," *Postmedia* executive director Donald Affleck, who has seen them, "you'd quickly walk off to a bank with three friends and you wouldn't have any trouble getting a loan." As for the government's will to bite the bullet, Affleck adds, "If they don't do it now, there may not be a bullet to bite."

ROBERT LAWRENCE

*Former editor and Liberal backroom operative under Lester Pearson, Maclean's commission now represents *Postmedia*, a former editor of the *Toronto Star*, and ex-CRTC press director Laurent Poulin.

An island not entire of itself

When Prince Edward Island's premier, Angus MacLean, announced his resignation last week it was like hearing a comfortable old slipper finally hit the floor. For months there had been speculation in Charlottetown that if Angus MacLean was planning to leave office, the popular premier had his own timetable and stuck to it. According to MacLean, the date was actually fixed five years ago when he decided to leave fed-



eral politics after 25 years in the House of Commons to become leader of the P.E.I. Progressive Conservatives. In 1979 he took the PCs back into power after 13 years of Liberal rule and since then has almost seemed to be marking time until reaching his 30th anniversary as an active politician.

As the premier made plans to return to his blueberry farm, his party jitters began manoeuvring to succeed him at the leadership convention expected to be held in November. His most likely successor is 38-year-old Justice Minister Hermon Carter, a prissy Protestant fundamentalist whose work as house leader has won him the support of a majority of the caucus. Carter is believed to be MacLean's own choice, but possible rivals include Education Minister Fred Delaney, Energy Minister

Arthel MacLean, and possible successor or Carter back to the blueberries.

almost as if the whole province were on the dole.

The final phase of the plan was scheduled to begin in April, 1980, but the MacLean government had asked for a year's extension to rethink priorities. The postponement proved to be crucial, for after the Liberals returned to power in Ottawa they began their own reassessment of cost-shared programs which they felt saddled them with 90 per cent of the financing but gained only 10 per cent of the political credit. These cost-shared programs that were estimated will be divided 80-20 rather than 90-10, and annual federal contributions will be about half the billions they previously were for P.E.I. Much of the other half will be made up by direct federal spending, but that will be administered from Ottawa—with no participation by Charlottetown and no political credit either.

Meanwhile, the uncertainty over fed-

Barry Clark and Health Minister Jim Lee

eral funding has sent tremors through the provincial economy. At one end of the scale individual farmers have been told they must wait for grants already awarded them. At the other, a multimillion-dollar downtown redevelopment plan for Summerside, P.E.I.'s second-largest community, has been placed on hold, much to the chagrin of business leaders in the province. Liberal

Thom affected the last term of the new government, will be suspended until

May 1, 1980, when 250 of those on their jobs in cost-shared programs Ottawa's re-

fund to increase cost-shared economy programs has already almost wiped out that provincial department, and the departments of industry, tourism and fisheries will be similarly affected. Only agriculture and forestry seem likely to escape the federal cut. The role of the provincial government will indeed be reduced—but in ways that Angus MacLean could hardly have foreseen.

—KENNEDY WELLS



Halifax

That extra connection

When Toronto businessman Joe Burnett was approached in 1978 by Halifax CBC TV reporter Linda MacIntyre he would have nothing to do with her. But not long after, Burnett was enraged to discover that he had been painted as the villain in *The MacIntyre File* report on shopping mall brawling and the abuse of neighbourhood. His displeasure rapidly transformed itself into a defamation suit against both MacIntyre and the CBC. Last week, although the Nova Scotia Supreme Court ruled against the corporation, both sides claimed a victory.

Burnett not cited more than 100 references he found defamatory in the half-hour show *The Law of the Jungle*. He objected to that title, to the "shrieker and evil" atmosphere created by the music, to accusations that he was a skin shark, and he accused the CBC of implying a link between himself and the underworld. Although Justice William Great vindicated every word of MacIntyre's script, he found the show defamatory because of 18 seconds of film footage that showed Burnett putting a cigar in his Roth-Roye—while MacIntyre's voice-over spoke about "the manipulations and dirty tricks that make big business a predatory, cutthroat game for some people." Any normal-thinking individual, the judge concluded, would draw a defamatory inference.



McIntyre, (top) Burnett: cutthroat game



Burnett

But the direct references that had so upset shopping-mall developer Burnett—to "phoney bankruptcies and clever tricks," to investigations and files on Burnett by Canadian and American law enforcement agencies and to Burnett's "new form of *laundering*"—were judged fair comment. Robert Murray, MacIntyre's lawyer, called the decision a "substantial loss but a moral victory." And MacIntyre says, "I don't agree we entirely lost the case. [The Law] is responsible for the whole thing that's been wrong with 27th Street and its role in a series of works of trial."

The use of the damaging film—taken from the CBC's 1979 *Counterclock* series on organized crime—had been a last resort for MacIntyre and producers Paul Kelly and Terry Fenton. "We tried to get an interview and film of Burnett, but he wouldn't talk to us," says Fenton. So the producers sent off to the film library at CBC headquarters in Toronto. A hearing scheduled for later this fall will decide on Burnett's award.

—GAIL DUNN

British Columbia

A rhythm of accusations

In typically caustic and thoroughgoing 8000 fashion, padding off a successful legal step after another, police investigating the disappearance of seven B.C. youths and the killing of three more brought their prime suspect from under wraps last week and charged him with the murder of 16-year-old Judy Koens. He is Clifford Robert Olsen, a 41-year-old Canadian construction worker, married and the father of an infant child. He is the same man who was first arrested Aug. 12 on Vancouver Island after offering a lift to two hitch-hikers, the case still not named but charged with two counts of breaking and entering on Aug. 34 when police also announced they had a suspect in custody in the Koens case, and the man charged four days later with rape, buggery and gross indecency in connection with an 18-year-old Surrey woman picked up at a bus stop—and not one of the young people on the morning bus. But eight days passed before Olsen was marched, handcuffed, into a court in Chilliwack to be charged with first-degree murder—80 km up the Fraser Valley and not far from the spot where the naked and multiply stabbed body of Judy Koens had been found July 25.

Although anxious parents were desperate to know if "the" killer had been caught, police carefully avoided saying anything that might prejudice Olsen's case or link him with any of the other victims. His description—five feet, seven inches tall and stocky with dark curly hair—is quite unlike that of the well-groomed, fair-haired man reported seen with missing 16-year-old Steven Parmenter. In a form of *laundering*, Olsen was judged fair comment. Robert Murray, MacIntyre's lawyer, calls the decision a "substantial loss but a moral victory." And MacIntyre says, "I don't agree we entirely lost the case. [The Law] is responsible for the whole thing that's been wrong with 27th Street and its role in a series of works of trial."

The use of the damaging film—taken from the CBC's 1979 *Counterclock* series on organized crime—had been a last resort for MacIntyre and producers Paul Kelly and Terry Fenton. "We tried to get an interview and film of Burnett, but he wouldn't talk to us," says Fenton. So the producers sent off to the film library at CBC headquarters in Toronto. A hearing scheduled for later this fall will decide on Burnett's award.

—GAIL DUNN

man had offered children \$10 an hour to wash windows, tried to get one child drunk and then forced his attentions upon her. But Olsen was remissed in custody to Sept. 18 for psychiatric examination. Proke's search areas found their task only growing larger. The name of 13-year-old Colleen Dugnall of Surrey, previously considered a runaway, was added to the missing list.

—ANDREA MATTLAND



Judy Koens; and alleged killer Olson: stolen diary may have prompted threatening phone calls to some of her friends



Exercise in provocation

U.S. naval jets down two Soviet-built Libyan fighters



Reagan (right) aboard the Constellation with Jim Doobert, navy undersecretary

By David North

At "Tomcat Alley," the German Vie, home base of the United States Navy's "Black Aces" squadron, pilots and their families were much in evidence. "They should have been here with us," said one pilot. "The two that were not were our best pilots." His euphoria was understandable. The shooting down of two Soviet-built Sukhoi-22 jets of the Libyan air force by two naval F/A-18 Hornets taking part in a naval exercise close to the Libyan coast last week marked the squadron's first "kill" in aerial combat, despite service over Vietnam, and the first downing of Arab aircraft by U.S. forces.

Elsewhere, the reaction was similar. The manner, if not the words, of administration officials indicated that they were not at all unhappy about the successful show of their determination to stand tough against Moscow and its allies—a determination also evident earlier in the week in well-publicized U.S. marine exercises at Guantanamo, the U.S. base in Cuba. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, claiming that one of the Libyan Su-22s had fired first, and the U.S. pilots had carried out their instructions to respond if shot at "extremely well." Later, President Ronald Reagan told cheering sailors aboard the carrier Constellation off California



that what had been most important was "expressing the excesses of freedom in the world."

That, however, was where the analysis ended. There were conflicting official versions from the U.S. and Libya about the incident, while a startling TV broadcast from Jerusalem spoke of a U.S. "ambush." There was also a lengthy argument as to whether the U.S. exercise—involving two carriers, including the nuclear-powered Nimitz, from which the Tomcats took off—was "international waters" (a term that is under discussion at the current law of the sea conference in Geneva). Weinberger's statement skirted an awkward fact: William Quaist, Middle East specialist on the National Security Council during the Carter administration, confided last week that a tacit understanding had existed with Kha-

ruddi's regime at the Tomcats, whereupon the two U.S. aircraft engaged them, firing their superior Sidewinder missiles and downing both. One of the Libyan pilots was seen to escape by parachute. The Libyans said that eight F-14s had attacked their aircraft, both of which had been shot down. Both pilots were safe and as F-14 had also been downed (a claim vigorously denied by the U.S.). Both sides said they had kept records corroborating their versions, but clearly these were mutually exclusive, and on the evening of the incident an Israeli TV broadcast in Hebrew claimed that other F-14s were circling in the area and that the Americans "let the Libyans get near their tails in such a position as to induce one of the Libyan pilots to fire."

The question of U.S. provocation was first raised in a *Newswatch* report before the exercise started. This described it as the Reagan administration's first direct challenge to Libyan leader Col Muammar Khadafy. Asked at his press conference whether a challenge had



The Nimitz (above) and a Soviet Su-22 fighter impressing freedom's enemies

been intended, Weinberger deflected the question. "I wouldn't describe it that way," he said. "These are international waters. We've had naval exercises there before." Leaving aside the disputed question whether the waters were international—Libya claims a 12 nautical mile limit and jurisdiction over the Gulf of Sirte as "internal waters" (a term that is under discussion at the current law of the sea conference in Geneva)—Weinberger's answer skirted an awkward fact: William Quaist, Middle East specialist on the National Security Council during the Carter administration, confided last week that a tacit understanding had existed with Kha-



Reagan (center) with Leonid Brezhnev (left) in Moscow, a Kremlin whipping

duty that U.S. exercises would not be held south of latitude 32°30'N, and that all its naval exercises held during the Carter presidency had conformed to this agreement.

The Reagan administration's notice to mariners revealed that the area of last week's exercise extended up to 22° (to the south of the Carter line (see map)), and Reagan himself expanded a range in policy when he told the Constitution's crew: "For the last couple of years, for whatever reason, our navy has been ordered to hold its manoeuvres, but to stay on the other side of that line and not challenge that." He had appreciated that the line should be

crossed. Reagan also said that at the briefing before the exercise the question had been raised about the response if "they actually fired on our forces." There was, he said, only one reply to that question. As *The New York Times* had editorialized earlier, to order the South Fleet manoeuvres was not, in "theirs' decision, the line clearly delineates was to test Col Khadafy." Indeed, relations between the U.S. and Libya had deteriorated ever since Khadafy, backed by the U.S. and others as a cornerstone of terrorism in the West and a dangerous Soviet ally, closed the U.S. airbase at Wheelus after deposing King Idris in 1969. In 1979, the U.S. Embassy in Tripoli was sacked and American diplomats were withdrawn. In May this year, Libyan diplomats were expelled from the U.S. in an alleged campaign of assassination of opponents of Khadafy in the U.S. and abroad. Ironically, the two men are said to have been trained by two former CIA operatives, Edwin Wilson and Francis Terpil, who have been held guilty by their former employers for several years.

In this climate it would not be surprising if the U.S. took every opportunity to make life difficult for Khadafy, and the exercises certainly fit in a pattern. Earlier this month there were reports, the substance of which was not denied in late White House clarification, that CIA Director William Casey and his for-

mer deputy for clandestine operations, Max Hugel, had briefed Congress earlier this year on plans to topple the Libyan leader. After a coup attempt last May there were allegations, in France and throughout the Arab world, that the United States was involved. And as late as Egyptian President Anwar Sadat on his recent visit to the U.S. removed speculation as to the point. During an interview in Washington he let fall the fact, later confirmed by the state department, that the U.S. had less than a dozen of its highly sophisticated AWACS monitoring aircraft to "let me see what is happening around me." Sadat implied that there had been suggestions that the Libyans might try to shoot down the plane in which he flew to visit. Sadat's Foreign Minister Gafar Nkrumah on May 24. But Sadat's route was at least 1,000 km from the nearest Libyan airbase, and as alternative air for the AWACS could have been to monitor developments in the Libyan coup, two days earlier, than that Sadat's forces could intervene to support it or to provide advance warning of Libyan, or Soviet, moves to counter it. Last week, as the Libyans jets descended to their ill-fated rendezvous with the Black Aces' Tomcats, the Egyptians were active again—holding their own manoeuvres on Libya's eastern border.

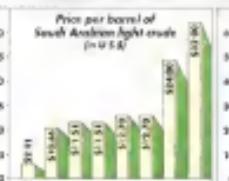
With files from Claude Wright

A reckoning postponed

Swiss neighbors of Saudi Arabia's Oil Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani were quiet last week. The huge crude oil selling to his Geneva headquarters had caused crude to appear in short supply. The market was worried in connection to that of Yamani's OPEC colleagues Friday, after emergency attempts to placate over-inflations in the oil cartels' unity by creating a uniform price structure had been scuttled by Saudi inactivity.

After confident talk of a compromise, the Saudis refused to meet requests from revenue-hungry fellow members to raise their prices from \$32 to \$35 a barrel. And to twist the knife further, Yamani later announced a 16-month freeze at \$32 that pre-empts the scheduled December price-fixing meeting in Abu Dhabi. As a goodwill gesture, he and Saudi Arabia would cut production by one million barrels a day. But this failed to mollify his critics. The \$30/OPEC production is between two and three million barrels a day above consumption. So the glut will remain, and sales will continue to suffer.

At first sight the breakdown seemed good news for the West—and the Saudis



Yemen prices frozen, volume down

will expect a reciprocal gesture: speedy delivery of the promised U.S. AWACS surveillance aircraft. Oil stocks are equal 100 days of world consumption, storage tankers are bulging and tankers

are being hired to hold the surplus. Oil specialists that \$400/bbl break-even was broken aside by Qatar's oil minister, Sheik Abd-Allah Khaitan al-Thani, who recalled his country's of March 1973 that rulers of his death were "exaggerated," and by Yamani. The cartel could endure the confusion for three or four years, they said. Meanwhile, demand for oil would pick up with the onset of winter and a gradual easing of recession.

Another factor is that the policies of oil have become more bitter there were allegations of Saudi blackmail in Geneva last week. So while the West becomes ever more dependent the Saudis, whose production represents 40 per cent of oil, an assassin's bullet or the overthrow of the royal family could shatter all semblance of stability. —TADS GUSTE

Australia

But bad habits are still cheap

It is hardly surprising that a million people a year immigrate to Australia. The country has single-digit inflation, falling unemployment, rising real wages and a gross rate of economic growth at 5.5 per cent this year, up to 6.5 per cent next year. But the cost of living is high. Soft-boiled breakfasts, relatively cheap food, petrol at 25 cents a litre and wine costing as little as 75 cents a bottle. But 111,000 immigrants, 1,000 of them Canadians, who started a new Life Does Under in 1980, may have thought last week that they had come to the wrong country. Treasurer John Howard brought down a budget that was suited to a country in peril, one on the threshold of a resource-based boom.

While giving away only credits—mostly to large families, poor pensioners, the disabled and aborigines, and earlier that month by the World Council of Churches to live in conditions reminiscent of colonial Africa—Howard took an estimated \$611 million out of the pockets of consumers with a 25-per-cent rise in sales tax. There was no concern for those on low incomes who are forced to sell their houses by mortgage rates, which have been propelled upward by U.S.-inspired interest rates to 15.5 per cent, appalling by Australian standards.

By tax reducing the duty on liquor and cigarettes, as well as leaving food



Prison by unemployed workers; and Howard (right), Alistair Macfarlane

and medicines untaxed, Howard fell short of dealing between Australia's knackered blow. But, as a Melbourne Age commentator put it, the budget was "a godsend only for hard-drinking, hard-smoking, disabled aboriginal pensioners living in rented accommodation with five children."

The official reason for such a deflationary move, which cynics quickly pointed out will leave Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser free to take tax cuts in advance of the next general election, was to keep the lid on inflation, now 8.8 per cent last month. But the government also wanted to increase defence spending (by 8.3 per cent in real terms) to cover the cost of 15 tactical fighters to replace the ageing French Mirages and for a new aircraft carrier. The Fraser budget will shortly decide on the R-110 fighter contract with the knowledge that the RAAF, according to Canberra sources, is recommending McDonnell Douglas' troubled F/A-18 Hornet, the same aircraft chosen by Canada, because the military is worried

by the rival, slightly less expensive General Dynamics F/A-18's safety record (one major crash every 1,000 flying hours). The only other area to benefit was foreign aid, which received a \$12.9-million infusion, explainable by Fraser's wish to make an impact on Third World leaders at the Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting in Melbourne in September.

But before Fraser has to deal with a threat by the Labour party to stop his sales tax legislation passing the Senate, where the government coalition lost its majority last June. To achieve this, Labor would need the support of five Australian Democrats. Their leader, Liberal defector Don Chipp, refused to commit himself to support Labor. But that was small comfort to Treasurer Howard, 42, who sees himself as a possible successor to Fraser. The week was nothing short of a nightmare for him. A few days before bringing down his budget he was forced to admit he had failed mathematics at school.

—PHILIP GREENHORN

Lovebirds in the heather

It was a low-key honeymoon, a quiet trousseau by the RAF VC-10 at the Lintonshires base under grey Scottish skies with only a few hundred well-wishers braving a chilly wind from the Moray Firth. But that was how the Prince and new Princess of Wales wanted it, as they escaped last week into the world the Royal Family loves best—the remote, heather-clad acres of Balmoral Castle and peaceful weeks of fishing, shooting and walking the dogs. Posing for photographers by the River Dee, where their romance first budded a year ago, the couple were praised the day Scottish weather, 22.2°C cooler than that of the Red Sea where they finished their 14-day cruise aboard Britannia.

Even at Balmoral, however, the star quality of the newest member of the family could not be denied. Amid the

kitted male regals and the Queen's understated softness, Diana cut a striking figure in her white two-piece suit, dark blue and white polka-dotted blouse and wide-brimmed hat as she entered Crathie church to hear the roisterer of the Church of Scotland, Right Rev Andrew Dog, preach on a theme he summed up

as "bring forth fruit." The 20-year-old princess is set to become the first real fashion leader in the Royal Family since Princess Marina of Kent in the 1930s. She favours modish-prince designs, such as Canadian Donald Campbell, and last week the dairies of the London Standard observed wryly that her "apparently insatiable appetite for elegant clothes" had caused a dozen waiters to be flown to Balmoral.

The riverside photo call, rare in Balmoral history, was another infusion of the fresh breeze blowing in Diana's wake. She allowed that she "highly recommended" married life, but when visiting seals vanished when someone asked if she had yet cooked breakfast. "I don't eat breakfast," retorted the Princess. Indeed, Diana has been quick to learn the art of royal repartee from her husband. Presented with a bouquet of carnations by pressmen, she thanked them, then wisecracked with a dazzling grin: "I suppose these are on expense?" —CAROL KENNEDY



The honeymooners bring forth fruit

U.S.A.

Acid rain clouds in the forecast

Reagan appears poised to gut the Clean Air Act



Chicago industrial pollution (above); and Watt, "Industry is virtually drafting the language for the new act"

As Canada continued a high-pressure program to persuade the U.S. to help clear up its chronic acid rain problem—members of the Senate's public works committee were due as a fact-finding tour of Ontario this week—there were strong indications that their efforts would be frustrated. President Ronald Reagan delayed presenting a proposed Clean Air Act last week, and the National Economic Defense Council (NEDC) expressed fears that its final version would return to standards set in 1977, effectively reducing sulphur dioxide emissions from industrial sources in eastern, and trifling those from western, states. David Watt, an official Linda Schreiter, "The plan which we understand Reagan will present to Congress next month will, by 1990, add three million tons of sulphur dioxide to the air each year."

According to the NEDC—one of several large American environmental groups that have joined together to form the Clean Air Coalition—Reagan will seek to relax acid emissions standards and not end-fired power plant pollution regulations to meet the wishes of industrial leaders. They have argued strongly at secret meetings with the president and Interior Secretary James Watt in recent weeks that in the present economic climate they can no longer afford to comply with expensive clean air controls.

The NEDC's reading of events was strongly supported by a senior congressional source directly involved in the latest backroom wheeling and dealing. "The administration is under tremendous pressure to gut the act," he said. "Industry is virtually drafting the language for a new act. The Canadian government is doing a great deal of counter-lobbying. But in the documents I have seen that has had little effect."

In taking the industry position, Reagan will be bucking private sentiment at home as well as in Canada. A recent

Harris poll showed that 86 per cent of Americans favor retaining or strengthening the existing law. Letters to the White House and Congress have been running strongly in favor of controls. But the president will argue that he is not convinced about the causes of acid rain and will order further studies.

Congress is to hold hearings this fall, and the evidence produced, along with the strong public support for safeguards, may compel Reagan to seek a compromise retaining at least parts of the present act. But Schreiter and the NEDC are pessimistic, both about the power of the American clean air lobbyists and that of their supporters north of the border. "Reagan is well aware of all the things that Trudeau and other Canadians have been saying," she said. "The Canadian government has been doing a lot of work. Unfortunately, it doesn't appear to have had any effect."

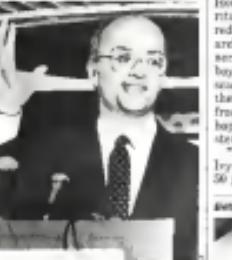
—WILLIAM LOWMEYER

Time expires on 'the clock'

Back when girls wore sweater sets and pearl necklaces and their menfolk sported white blazers and grey flannel bags, and people turned out in canary blue polo coats for the Harrod's Tie game, New York's Biltmore Hotel was as much a part of upper-class ritual as a debutante's coming-out. On the red leather banquette in the lobby over arches by the hotel's famous clock, serious females arranged their jugs and glasses and folded with crook pins and scrunch bracelets as they waited for their young gentlemen to make their way from the Tie Club across the street or hop off a train at nearby Grand Central station.

"Meet me under the clock" was an Ivy League rallying cry for more than 50 years. P. Scott Fitzgerald, with his

affection as it were, drew out and ducked





Demolition equipment outside the hotel on Ivy League's rallying cry for 80 years

premises and new hotels outshining the 60-year-old Biltmore, the owners recently announced they would strip it to its steel skeleton and reconstruct it as the eastern headquarters of the giant Bank of America. While Biltmore owners were still absorbing the hotel's owners sent eviction notices to the remaining guests and began demolition. This evening, if the preservationists should further their legal claims, there will be a truly hollow victory. The clock has already been removed and the adjoining Palm Court cocktail lounge turned to rubble. "How can they do something like that?" lamented Manhattan's Dennis Pierre-Gros, now in his mid-80s and the mother of two young daughters who will never know the joys of the Biltmore. "They've just destroyed a part of my childhood."

—RITA CHRISTOPHER

turning eye for the foibles of the rich, described a Biltmore slave with "the stethes of doctors of many cities" (over that literary immortal of questionable social grace, J.D. Salinger's Holden Caulfield, was drawn to the Biltmore, meeting in Gatsby on the floor. "I was way early when I got there, so I just sat down on one of those leather couches

right near the clock in the lobby and watched the girls."

Last week, however, most of the excitement was not taking place in the Biltmore's lobby but in a Manhattan courtroom where architectural preservationists and nostalgia buffs tried to save the old hotel from the wreckers' ball. With Manhattan office space at a

Space pilgrim's progress

The Voyager II spacecraft, now four years and about 1.5 million km from Earth, was closing fast last week on the giant ringed planet of Saturn. Travelling at nearly 36,000 km/h, it was due to fly within 100,000 km of the planet's main-colored clouds. According to Edward C. Stone, chief project scientist of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the spacecraft's mission was to photograph Saturn's hundreds of encircling rings and most of the 17 known moons. And last week, using identical television cameras but approaching Saturn under better conditions, Voyager II was already transmitting photos (see opposite) far superior to those taken last November by the trailblazing Voyager I.



Colorful Saturn with ring system (above), and ribbon-like structure where atmosphere flows at 520 km/h (below left) as seen by Voyager II TV cameras

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As a teenager, Toronto auto-racer David Deacon wanted to be a politician like his father, former Liberal MPP and Ontario Progressive Party leader Rennie Deacon. But his love for speed led him to the hard field, then to racing motorcycles and a severe crash, which left him hospitalized for six months in 1972. To manage his patient's fear of two-wheeled vehicles, Deacon took up auto racing. Now, at 39, he puts his fire M1 through the courses of Le Mans, Daytona and Mosport at speeds of 200 m.p.h. not because of some inherent dash with him because of the "transcendental quality" and the demand for "100-per-cent concentration, like playing chess at 100 m.p.h." The first Canadian to be awarded a European factory ride in the 24 Hours of Le Mans this summer, Deacon has raised \$60,000 this year in sponsorships and plans to travel until the risks become larger than my enjoyment." Then: "There are very few occupations as demanding as politics."

European armed forces annually head for the wet reaches of the Canadian Prairies to play there was always, but this year Canada's own armed forces will be playing a more mundane game of finding the needle in the haystack. Up to 300 soldiers at a time, marching shoulder to shoulder with their eyes fixed firmly on the ground, will spend a month searching 11,480 acres of barren Indian reserve land near Calgary, looking for the potentially lethal mines left from the 78 years the army has leased the land for manoeuvres. Maj. Jim O'Brien, Canadian Forces Base Calgary administration officer, seems convinced that the search will find most everything that "might go boom in the night," but the Sarcoys have been raising the question with understandable alarm. Adm. O'Brien: "There's no way anyone can give assurances that [the land] will be 100-per-cent free of unexploded munitions."

Asking her Valentine to find her a *Alvin* may have made Spokane Banshee girl Sherry Miller a sultry-faced face, but it has done little to make her a share her name: "No one seemed to think I could hold an audience for longer than 30 seconds," sighs the 38-year-old from Pasco, Alvin, who is proving there wrong this month is a Toronto theatre production of *The Only Game in Town*. A couple of TV game hosts and a night-club act in the works with her husband, champion figure-skater-turned-real-estate broker *Val Rota*, mean things are coming together for Miller. "I've even



David Deacon with his BMW M1, like playing chess at 100 m.p.h.



Miller goes from race to theatre

capable with women's legs—"the most beautiful" was a category in his yearly roundup of movie beauts and beauties before the days of "representational femininity"—Glamour tends to second opinions about "the glamour" in the life of *Cpl. Charles* and questions that *Miss Gains* looks better now than she did in 1970. "It's basically 'make-up is a bitch,'" says As for the latest *Frontline* sensation, *Asya Watts*, 31-year-old singer: "I like to wear meat on the bones. I'll let her look like a Vogue model—her cheeks all naked in—her frontal cheeks, I mean."

Until self-styled professional prophet Ray Gommier, a 37-year-old ex-sailor from Ottawa, arrived in Whitehorse last week, nobody had ever imagined that the city had been named for anything other than a resemblance between its now-submerged rapids and a flowing silver mane. But Gommier opened the Bible's Book of Revelation and deemed its white horse a symbol of a challenge on the horizon—Canada, soon to be owner of the world and antibiotic to the divided Armageddon between East and West. Canada should cash its \$1-billion-plus order for American fighter planes, Gommier decreed, and use the dough to build solar-powered greenhouses across the land—toward the day when man breathes off the last morsel of burnt bark. There's not much profit in the prophet these days, which is why Gommier, unabashedly clad in jeans and a No. 11 football jersey, has spent the past 6½ years with his hand out. He has also spent some time in jail for public peddling and was once finally re-

moved from the House of Commons. But if he needs assistance, Gommier sells his *bulletin*—baffled rejection: "If when he sees the sword come upon the land, he blows the trumpet and warns the people."

Fans across the country inevitably took the dedication on Christopher Ward's latest chart-climbing album, *Time Stands Still*, to the photo of the raven-haired beauty on the jacket front. But the 33-year-old Ward has even less subtle ways of presenting his in-love *Alannah Myles*'s seductive music career. First he booked her as his warm-up act at a 1980 tour of the Maritimes and now

cowboy from Fort Worth draws. "Sometimes I wonder, what is the world am I doing here?" What he's doing in his two events—he also wrestles—means making a possible purse of \$4,000 a week in such nodes as the Stetson World's Toughest Rodeo, due late Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition next month. Injured badly several years ago in a "freak accident"—a horse fell over backward on top of him—Ward has been competing with a sore knee, which was twisted when "a stone kept an eye," that's his reason. "The injuries, plus the 18 months a year spent away from his police investigator wife, may force his retirement soon. But

Young, ravishing Myles and her ex-cowboy Ward MacGowan (below) moving a little fast in Peking



Banshee bronc champion Ronnie Williams: a chance to make \$4,000 a week

he is collaborating on her drama videotape. "Christopher takes my words and extract song ideas and gives them a musical life by cutting right through to the heart of the music and lyrics," explains the 25-year-old Myles. Leaving her behind to paddle the damn while he promotes his *"Laurel Canyon meets AC/DC"* sound on a Western Canada tour this fall doesn't bother Ward. "Before we ever met, Alannah was throwing the P.A. in the backseat of the car and going off to play in small-town bars. A woman traveling alone, playing for a bunch of drunks, has got to be a survivor."

Climbing out of the chutes at 1,280 pounds of naked beast without a saddle to cling to, or even a bridle to control its mad movements, is something Texas *Barbie Williams* has been doing since she was 15 years old. At 30 with a record seven professional titles in the bareback bronc event, the tall



the Chinese. The Chinese fed MacGowan 100-year-old eggs, white fungus soup and fish stomachs and never raised the subject again.

Primed by that purrfect female fatale, *Miss Piggy*, North American hog fanciers may look forward with glee to next month's definitive study of swine, *Pigs: A Thriving Pivotal Species*, coauthored by Canadian literary agent Lucinda Warden and writer Sarah Boyarsky. "We were fascinated by the wit of the pig, the originality of its body, the cast of its eyes," explains the British-born Warden, who has been collecting hog monographs and admiring the animals—from afar—for years. Although *Trampolli* discusses everything from game names to rhyme rhymes to author E. E. Cummings' classic *Douche of Pig*, there is no mention of the reducible *Miss Piggy*.

—KATHY BY BARNARD MATTHEWS

Falls from on high

Canada's best tumble through Alberta's Big Sky

By Ellen Bell

At 3,200 metres, eight sky divers ready themselves in a huddle at the door of a Twin Otter, bolting tightly to each other's leg straps and jump suits. A sign flashes from the front—15 seconds, then, GO! The jumpers are suddenly sent in a blast of wind, hurtling through the sky at more than 150 km/h, they move quickly and surely into position, breaking grip on one and flying into a new slot as soon as formation after another is completed. A glance at altimeters tells them there is no time left, and they separate quickly. Crash—the blast of wind stops—and brightly colored parachutes appear. Whirling and turning, the escarpes float down, and the sky divers, having at just the right moment for an easy stand-up landing.

Such was the scene at the Canadian Sport Parachuting National Championships last week in Claresholm, Alta. Sky divers from all over the country descended on the town, vying for a spot on the Canadian Parachute Team. With 180 competitors in eight events, this year's national competition was the biggest yet. Eighty hours of competition flying were sandwiched into an eight-day period. Competitors scrambled out of their tents in the dark to be geared up and ready for the place when it took off at sunrise; sky divers were still packing at sunset.

Run annually by the Canadian Sport Parachuting Association (CSPA), a governing body for more than 5,000 sky divers, the nationals are the final tuning ground for Canadian jumpers. The winners now go on to compete in the World Relative Work Championships this fall in Zepfenthal, Fla. Competition was stiff at this meet because the sky divers were competing against the best. But the Canadians are the current world champions, capturing gold and silver medals at the 1986 World Style and Accuracy Meet in Bulgaria, and the Canadian Free-fall relative work team brought back golds from the last two World Relative Work Championships in 1987 and 1989.

Canada's chances of winning gold at the upcoming world meet rest on a team called Augies, winners of last week's nationals. Team captain Mike Sabar, who led Canada's world champions-



Team and team plane (above); and in foreground, 'the parachutes don't count'



team in 1987 and 1989, has reason to smile. Augies is hot. Team members (seven males and one female, most of whom were on the 1979 team) have collectively logged at least 13,000 jumps.

Mark Vincent of Augies sees relative work as an art like any other grossly oriented sport. "It's just like synchronized swimming or even figure skating, only we do it in the air. The parachutes really don't count."

The challenge comes in free fall, the time between exiting the aircraft and opening the parachute at 300 metres (or 30 to 60 seconds the sky diver is in total control, flying across the sky at up to 300 km/h, turning loops or swooping down to join a formation).

The team members have invested a lot of time and money in their art. In May, they each put \$10,000 in the pot to pay for training jumps and have since covered most expenses on their own. To keep costs down, many are living in tents on the drop zone. One team member estimates that with the cost of \$1000, new gear, living expenses and six months without an income during training and meets, this means alone will cost him \$30,000.

It is only in the past month that the Canadian government has awarded sky divers official athlete status. Seven jumpers who have proven themselves in world competition are now eligible to receive a training subsidy. CSPA will provide a team fund to cover a month-long training camp prior to the world championships in October. It will also pay for transportation, entry fees and competition jumps. Although Sport Canada provides a grant for this purpose, the bulk of the team's funds is made up of donations from Canadian sky divers themselves. Even so, it will not be enough to cover the training required for such high-level competition. In the past two years world standards in relative work have risen quickly. The Chinese, Americans, British and Australians are all anxious to steal the title from the Canadians.

The nationals showed how deadly keen skydiving really is. Some parachutists paired side-by-side with veterans of 12,000 and even 4,000 jumps. Masters made jumps with winterers, the Quebecers shared jump stories with anglers. Sky divers seek each other out because there are few others who understand exactly why they jump out of airplanes.

While Augies members shared in this camaraderie, it was evident that their thoughts were already jumping ahead to the next step in their climb. They will move north shortly to prepare for the world championships, which run from Oct. 8 to 18. Canada will be watching.



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The Eagle, warily, takes wing

R. Alan has two things on his mind: the Canada Cup and a biography

By Trent Frayne

These are ticklish moments for the Eagle. His biography, which you might call a belated smasher version of the life and times of R. Alan Eagleson, is mere weeks removed from the bookstores, and his baby, the Canada Cup international hockey series, is about to enter a dozen or more millions of television viewers in a dozen or more countries. Is the Eagle edgy? Does Rennie Bragan smile?

Taking first things first, the Eagle is prepared to give humanity the finest history available since the great expansion of 1967 turned the game into an inside look at Mount Pythias. There is no taler art form in sports, no mere grace or skill or sheer adulation; no come-on than what happens when Canada plays Russia at hockey. Forget the ballyhoo that booms endlessly across the great unfeudled border about the halcyon of controlled violence that is football and the unfeeling chancery of the boys of summer. In truth, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to match the emotional impact of Canada and Russia on the ice for 60. And that's what the Eagle is bringing in.

But the Eagle is also bringing as much unfeudled Finland as the United States or Czechoslovakia vs. Sweden, mighty slow twists. The influx of European mercenaries in the NHL these days gives the visiting a thrill a sprightly of families, faces, always eastward. (Eagles-Curtis and Czechoslovakia, but, even so, household names they are.) In August, in Winnipeg and Quebec City, the Eagle's extravaganza was a giant yawn and nobody knew it better than the Eagle, his pockets stuffed with tickets for six exhibition and 18 tournament games.

"We're doing all right in Edmonton where we've sold 7,000 a game and the same in Montreal," he said last week. "But in Winnipeg, it's about 2,000 a game and in Quebec City only 1,900."

SEB, meanwhile, should approach 120 million at interest peaks, a jump from the \$6,125,000 of the original series in 1978. Profits were then \$1,053,000, and no body talks of less now. Of this, the first \$600,000 goes to Hockey Canada, as agency approved by the federal government in February, 1980, to handle international hockey. The next \$4 million goes to the NHL Players' Association (A. Eagleson, executive director), and prof-

its after that are split down the middle. Television, at \$30,000 a minute, should produce about \$3.6 million.

The Eagle is a man who grows and who takes away. His trade-off to get this all-star cast from five countries was to agree to send Canadian teams to Moscow's Invitational tournament, each December and the European world championships every April. But with Canadian players heavily involved scratching at home for the whereabouts of another Mercedes-Benz in those pens, the teams that wear the maple leaf

its Cup. While the folks at home watch Les Canadiens engorging the Orléans, say, Europeans are seeing Les Matildes from the game's birthplace being shaded by 11-2 or 9-1 by the Bulgarians or, maybe, it's a terrible price to pay for an occasional glimpse of the finest hockey on earth in the Canada Cup.

The Eagle has never indicated that he regards the swap as unadmirable, but an match is not to be used for his biography. Of it, the Eagle has had second thoughts, even calling in a lawyer to help him with them. It all began three years ago when a woman named Debra Clayton wrote a piece about the Eagle for the *Princeton Times* and was sufficiently intrigued to undertake a book. She needs the Eagle's early enthusiasm for the project, clearing the way for her to talk to his family and friends and business associates and sitting still for one hour of taped interviews with her.

Over the next couple of years, Clayton says, she'd remeet the Eagle from time to time and he'd ask her in his wacky, wacky and outgoing way if she'd found a publisher. No, she'd say, but she was looking.

And then she did find a publisher, the small new firm of Lester & Green Design Ltd. in Toronto, which had no manuscript. Not long afterward, to her surprise, Clayton received a letter with two reprints from a lawyer hired by the Eagle, Julian Porter. The first thing he wanted was a statement in the book that it had been produced without his co-operation. Next, he wanted to look at the manuscript to check the accuracy of the quotes.

What Eagleson says of this is that a condition of his agreeing to sit still for the biography was that it would be published by the big old firms of McClelland and Stewart Ltd. He says he knew Jack McClelland would cut out the book and that he had faith in him.

Malcolm Lester, the president of the firm publishing the book, doesn't think the Eagle's concern was with the publishing house. "This is a critical biography," says "Debra Clayton wanted to get an auteur's-length look at Eagleson. When this dawned on Eagleson he was all for suppressing the project. The idea of mentioning McClelland had him an afterthought."

The book comes out in October, and by then we'll know if all the fuss has been worth it—on the ice and off it.



overseas range from terrible to bizarre.

Every spring the lucky devils in the wooden pens of Prague or Vilnius or Minsk are treated to an all-left-foot assault from Canada packed from the day that fall to make the NHL playoffs. It is not an easy thing to fail to make the NHL playoffs. Only five teams manage it every spring. Sixteen of the 21 teams are compelled to continue the long, long, long tether toward the Sean



Weaning the beef from the bull

Pressure mounts for aid to ailing beef farmers



By Dale Elsler

For seven years, Jim Stalwick has been fighting a losing battle, trying to eke out a living from a modest cow-calf operation of 25 breeding stock on his ranch near Big River, Sask. Only once in those seven years had Stalwick been able to recover his annual costs raising and selling beef. Now, at 35, he is poised to give up and concentrate exclusively on grain farming, where the security of orderly marketing through the Canadian Wheat Board will assure him a fair return for his production. "All I can realistically hope to do is sell off the herd and take my losses," Stalwick says. "But I can't even do that right away because prices are so low. Now it's turned into a waiting game through fall and winter and hope beef prices improve enough that I can afford to sell." Selling out this fall, Stalwick would get approximately \$1,000 a head. Yet if it goes up to \$400 for each head of breeding stock when prices are at their peak.

His dilemma is anything but isolated. Stalwick represents a growing concern within the Canadian beef industry. There will be great price fluctuations as to whether beef prices should continue to "face up and down" with supply and demand or whether the time has finally come to set up some form of marketing board—either government or private—to control supply and stabilize prices. It has been a month of unprecedented activity at the federal level. Last week the federal minister of agriculture, Roger Wi-



Graczyk of Cattlemen's Association, left, urges price stability up and down.

beef producers are wrestling this question, more than ever before, with the mangling and periodically divisive question as to whether beef prices should continue to "face up and down" with supply and demand or whether the time has finally come to set up some form of marketing board—either government or private—to control supply and stabilize prices. It has been a month of unprecedented activity at the federal level. Last week the federal minister of agriculture, Roger Wi-

liam, set up a two-man committee to study the need, or feasibility, of a marketing board. Barely two weeks before, the Senate agriculture committee tabled its long-awaited report, written by Max Rostadberg, former manager of the Canadian Egg Marketing Agency, which examined all the options and concluded a marketing board would likely be the most effective way of solving the industry's ills.

The problem traditionally has been one of trying to reconcile totally opposite points of view regarding the price fluctuations facing beef farmers. Opinions vary from the militant National Farmers Union on the left, which proposes a national government-controlled marketing board for beef to set production quotas and therefore level off price fluctuations, to the similarly independent Canadian Cattlemen's Association, which believes the supply of beef should be determined by demand and not a government subvention program. Somewhere between the two extremes is an array of groups, including the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, which leans toward a national beef price stabilization plan with a minimum of government involvement and separate from the annual marketing of cattle. Not surprisingly, the interventionist Rostadberg report was rejected by Charles Graczyk, manager of the Canadian Cattlemen's Association. "Intervention is a government that can't manage our business that now wants to run the beef industry. It makes no sense."

The fact is, however, that there are national marketing boards for such farm commodities as chickens, turkeys and eggs. Historically, cattlemen have been fierce free-enterprisers and have shamed attempts by government to regulate their industry. That may be changing. Today there seems to be more of a consensus that something must be done—a resolute spurring a flurry of activity by governments at both the federal and provincial levels. In particular, even more troubling than the Rostadberg report, the Saskatchewan government and cattlemen hope to introduce its own voluntary beef stabilization plan. Saskatchewan producers and government will pay into a rapidly rising price as high as \$400 a head to ensure a steady income for each head of breeding stock when prices are at their peak.

His dilemma is anything but isolated. Stalwick represents a growing concern within the Canadian beef industry. There will be great price fluctuations as to whether beef prices should continue to "face up and down" with supply and demand or whether the time has finally come to set up some form of marketing board—either government or private—to control supply and stabilize prices. It has been a month of unprecedented activity at the federal level. Last week the federal minister of agriculture, Roger Wi-



Thorderson of the Cow-Calf Association. Livestock killed by interest rates

and do nothing, so hopefully this might stimulate a national plan. It's the old argument that you have to start somewhere." Last week's move by Whelan is a clear sign that MacMurchy's initiatives could be bearing fruit—a striking departure from the traditional federal approach of non-intervention.

The question now may be whether and if beef farmers is even a subject for

debate. Worse than the perennial roller-coaster of price fluctuations, the current livestock killer is high interest rates. "The whole industry is going down the drain," laments Gerald Clevell, whose 1,500-head herd farm in southwestern Ontario was forced into receivership last week by high interest rates and low beef prices after operating as a family business for three genera-

tions. Overall farm bankruptcies across Canada are up about 30 per cent so far this year over last year, while in the Ontario livestock industry, specifically, failure is up 60 per cent. More and more farmers feel the problem is nearing crisis proportions. "We haven't made money for two years," says Evans Thorderson, president of the Western Canada Cow-Calf Association and operator of a ranch at Mead's north of Regina, Sask. This year, with farmers paying about \$1.50 a pound to raise beef but bringing back only about \$1.20 a pound at cattle auctions, Thorderson says he has reached the conclusion there "really isn't any alternative" to some form of national ranch stabilization plan.

Whether consumer advocates would view a beef marketing agency in the same light is another matter. The likelihood is there would be strong opposition from groups opposed to the regulation of such a key commodity as beef on the grounds that boards generate inefficiencies and drive up prices. At the moment, the key factor seems to be the pain felt among beef producers. The fact is that if consumers refuse to pay prices for beef that are also economic for farmers, they may end up killing the cow that gives the milk. ☐

The roaring Surf

Among the young, striking professionals who inhabit Kitchener's Concert Hall Square, Toronto and Spanish Club, the talk is all about stock market leverage—self-styled as stock market-leverage rounds. Last fall, as club owner and local entrepreneur Robert Kelly inspired everyone's fancy—including his own—with tales of glittering fortunes to be made on the distant Alberta Stock Exchange, the talk began to focus on a certain junior oil and gas exploration company called Surf Oil Ltd. of Calgary. Within months, after a chance meeting between Kelly and Surf Oil's president, Ron Reid, Kelly and a group of local investors began making large purchases of Surf stock on the open market as well as taking 35 per cent of the company through three private placements of stock issued by Surf. The effect on Surf stock—as this group of Southern Ontario investors moved into grab control of the company—was dramatic. From obscurity at 75 cents a share, Surf shot up during a meteoric rise in less than six months to a peak of \$9 a share, an increase of more than 1,000 percent.

When the crash came, it was one of the fastest and most disastrous stock crashes of the year. Within two days,



Kelly: here to reach the moon

Surf stock sagged from \$7.00 to \$4 a share, within two weeks, it had collapsed altogether. By last week, when it bottomed out, carrying the last of its Southern Ontario investors along with it, Surf was scraping along at \$1.40 a share.

Starting this week, a few interested parties are beginning to ask questions, namely the SEC, the Vancouver, Alberta and Toronto Stock Exchanges, the Alberta Securities Commission, as well as the Toronto based offices of three leading brokerage houses whose Kitch-

ener brothers lost money by extending Kelly's credit to buy Surf stock ("margin buying") far beyond normal practice. "This Surf story could turn into a real scandal," observes one Calgary broker, who, like almost everyone connected with the affair, demands to be left unnamed.

Now Kelly, 36, seems to have managed to whip Surf into such a frenzy in so short a time and why the brokerage houses extended so much credit to Kelly to purchase the stock in the first place, as it was Kelly's idea and a slight dip in the share value (a "margin call") that caused the collapse to snowball out of control. No one questions Kelly's enthusiasm over Surf's prospects. With a number of good properties, especially in the U.S., Surf looked good enough for Calgary's Albany Oil and Gas Ltd. to bid the equivalent of \$2.00 a share to buy it up in the aftermath of last week's disaster.

Whether some serious legal or regulatory consequences have yet to flow, Kelly is already feeling a bitter personal sting for his apparently unwise haste to reach the moon. Last week Kelly had to sell off his athletic club too—the very place where the dream was hatched.

—ERIC STADKAM and JIM ROWDEN

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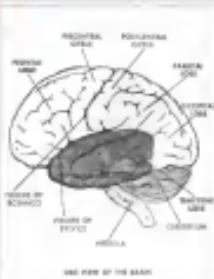
THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO



Banking on brains

Brain disorders, ranging from Alzheimer's to epilepsy, affect more than two million Canadians. In the past, research into these diseases has progressed slowly due to the scarcity of experimental brain tissue in this country. But next month's opening of the Canadian Brain Tissue Bank at Toronto's Bayview Institute promises to ease the gathering of tissue as well as increase donations from citizens and hospitals.

The bank's importance to research is enormous. "Many brain diseases affect only human brains," says bank co-ordinator Dr. Catherine Bergeron. "And thus we can't reproduce them in animals." Because of the high demand generated for the newly collected tissue by scientists in various fields of investigation, the bank will give priority to requests from brain disease researchers. Says University of British



Colombia brain researcher Dr. Thomas Perry: "The brain bank will make it possible for Canadian scientists to move much faster in the discovery of causes and, with luck, speed up treatment."

The staff of the bank—the first of its kind in Canada and the third such centre in North America—will categorize, dataset, and store the tissue anonymously in accordance with international criteria. While requests from Canadian researchers will have prefer-

ence, tissue will also be available to a global network of scientists.

The credit for the bank's establishment belongs to those most directly affected by degenerative brain disorders: victims and their families. Ralph Walker, executive director of the Huntington Society of Canada, enlisted representatives of several similar groups to cajole the bank into operation. Potential victims, for example, of Huntington's chorea (a rare hereditary disorder characterized by progressive mental deterioration) run a 50-per-cent chance of inheriting the disease. Understandably, they are anxious for a diagnostic breakthrough. Says Walker: "There is essential to develop a treatment model. Brain study is the only way to go."

Because study into one disease often leads to breakthroughs in others, Perry's research into Huntington's chorea led to some important finds in schizophrenia. "Hundreds of thousands of people have benefited from brain research," he says. That is why he, like Bergeron and Walker, emphasizes the importance of the collection of donated brains from healthy individuals as well as those with disorders. "In neurochemistry," he explains, "we have to examine the autopsy brain and then compare it with the normal."

—MARGARET CANNON



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A bug in the inner ear

Ever since the discovery that an electric current can travel through the head could make a person hear a sound, scientists have turned to har-

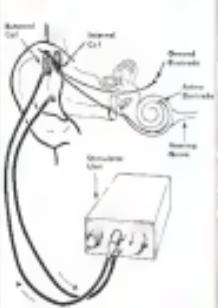
ness the technique to benefit the profoundly deaf. Now, Dr. Patrick Doyle of the University of British Columbia has received approval from St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver to begin performing experimental surgery on people this winter with a new electrode device known as the cochlear implant. Says Doyle, "This will be the first truly available for truly profound deafness in which traditional hearing aids don't do any good." So far, the only other researchers of the implant in Canada and elsewhere from besides Dr. Ian Hunter-Dawson at the University of To-

ronto. But they have been experimenting only on animals.

In serial hearing, sound waves flow over the eardrum and past a series of tiny bones into a fluid-filled organ called the cochlea, and then on to the auditory nerve that transmits the information to the brain. The most severe hearing impairment occurs when the cochlea or the nerve is damaged—a problem the implant may help. Its two tiny electrodes, surgically inserted in the inner ear, lead to a relay point embedded behind the outer ear. The relay point and a small microphones mounted at the ear's opening are wired to a "stimulator unit," a transformer, worn on the body. The microphones transmit sound to the unit, which converts them into electric impulses that in turn stimulate the auditory nerve.

The fabricated sounds are working like normal hearing, however. Vianas, for instance, said, "Mr. Donald Bush and Melvin Morris, in Ketchikan, Alaska—deaf since the age of 3 and now one of more than 500 experimental implant recipients in the U.S. Doyle cautions that patients must learn to distinguish sounds through extensive speech therapy and auditory programs. Moreover, he points out,

COCHLEAR IMPLANT SYSTEM



"Not everyone with profound hearing loss is suited to the cochlear implant. Candidates should have intact auditory nerves, and it is preferable that they were once able to hear and speak normally."

In spite of the drawbacks, Doyle remains optimistic. "The cochlear implant has a long way to go," he concludes, "but perfecting it will definitely form the major thrust of research in the field over the next decade."

—ANNE ANDREWES

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HEALTH

Braces are coming of age

Improved hardware boosts the cachet of the tin grin

By Catherine Rodd

A t 22, Mississauga, Ont., high school teacher Sandra Blasie resolved to have her crooked teeth straightened. After eight months of consultations with specialists, she emerged sporting braces. For the next two years, Blasie shamed on the couch, endured the curmudgeon stares of strangers and methodically cleaned her teeth three times a day. "There is nothing more revolting than seeing someone's lunch on their braces," she recalls. When the hardware was finally removed last fall, she was "amazed at the difference. My face was gone—it was a tremendous boost to my self-image."

For a growing number of adult Canadians, braces are no longer an emblem of adolescence, like new and first dates, but a remedy for long-standing problems. Linda Ordish, Ont., orthodontist Dr. Gaven Jones reports, "Five years ago, you'd be lucky to find five per cent adult patients is a practice; now it's almost a third." From Halifax, Dr. Eric Smith echoes, "Thirty-five to 40 per cent of my patients are adults." Some of these latecomers, like Blasie, are referred by dentists who believe that straighter teeth lessen the risk of gum disease. But according to Dr. Stuart Hunter, head of orthodontics at the University of Western Ontario in London, the strongest motivation is cosmetic, and so far more women than men are springing for the tin grin. "Our society is increasingly appearance-conscious—after all, who can remember the last Miss Canada with crooked teeth?" he asks.

Whatever the dictates of health or vanity, braces cost the wearer a hefty \$1,500 to \$4,000. But in recent years the dramatic spread of dental insurance plans, which often cover half the orthodontist's bill, has been making the venture affordable. The Canadian Life and Health Insurance Association for estimates that 5.5 million Canadians are now covered by private plans—up from a paltry two million in 1977. Plans for the private sector could bring the total closer to nine million.

Ultimately, however, what spurred the trend was the belated recognition, a decade ago, that an adult's tooth could still be moved. Improved hardware has also helped. Two years ago, the grin appearance was a mass of heavy straitjackets, but today's more comfortable, less visible fixtures consist of a tiny

metal bracket bonded to the tooth with an adhesive, which holds a light wire.

The professor is also quick to laud the efforts of oral surgeons, whose deft strokes of the surgical saw can correct excessive overbites and receding lower jaws. Dr. Alan Lowe, head of orthodontics at the University of British Columbia, explains that while white growing teenagers' bones can be manipulated with braces, the lack of growth in an adult

means such as Burchell's, the orthodontist works closely with the oral surgeon mapping out a treatment plan. Recently the specialists have turned their combined attention to the chronic problem of jaw dysfunction, which Smith estimates affect roughly a quarter of his adult patients. A poor bite throws the delicate balance of the facial muscles into disarray, causing tension, burning in the eyes and headaches. For Christine Marshall, 45, of Mississauga, surgery will offer welcome relief from lifelong discomfort. Over the past 20 years she has suffered relentless clicking in her jaw every time she yawns or chews. She is mystified whenever she eats any firm food because it's so malformed, she cannot chew properly. "When I first got braces, I felt ridiculous,"



Marshall (left); Smith: "The strongest motivation is cosmetic."

sometimes entails an operation to correct serious jaw malformations. In the past decade, oral surgeons have developed the techniques necessary to separate the upper jaw from the floor of the nose and move the teeth back. Similar adjustments can also be made to the lower jaw. For 38-year-old June Burchell of Markham, Ont., plagued by jolting front teeth, the surgical route meant eight months in braces before the operation, followed by nine weeks of tightly wired jaws and reattachment through a wire. A month after the wires came off, she was married—still wearing braces on her lower teeth.

I lost, but I had always wanted to have my teeth fixed and now is my chance," she says resolutely.

The alliance of orthodontics and oral surgery is only the beginning of a broader trend: approach to adult orthodontics. Some practitioners also consult surgical surgeons when treating severe cases. They point out, for instance, that when moving teeth back exaggerates a big nose, reconstructive (plastic) surgery will improve the patient's overall appearance. "We can also fix for them," says one orthodontist. "If we had gotten our hands on Dr. Clark, he would have been the election." ☐

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LIVING

Beyond the bar scene



Brunchers Ferguson and Burke

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If the motive was simple—extramarital with the bar scene—the response has proved otherwise. Within a week of the ad's debut last winter in *The Globe and Mail*, *The Canadian Jewish News* and *The New York House of Books*, 30 men were writing to her for invitations. Seven qualche-and-impregne brunches later, the eight Toronto women have entertained 140 guests from as far away as Rochester and Buffalo, N.Y. One member of the group estimates that in three afternoons of classical music and conversation, she met "eight years' worth of single men." And another, interior designer Katherine Burke, 32, has already bowed out; she's still seeing Jeremy Ferguson, the 37-year-old freelance writer she met at the first brunch. Ferguson recalls the ad "resounding

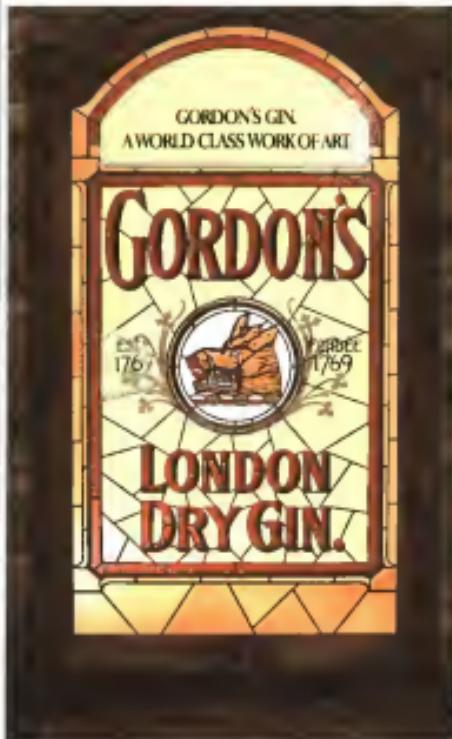
struck him as 'singularly intelligent.'

Brunch organizer and educator Lynn Trilling's Singles Contest Section is their inspiration. Status Trilling, 32, "Places an ad in a healthy form of entertainment. It means you are being sensitive." Reflective, the women certainly are. In a high-spirited evening reminiscent of a high school square party, they swap their letters with their eyes to interests and a sense of humor. "It's a totally innocent process," says Ferguson, 34, a creative director. Jennifer Burke, 30, a fair performer, offers the deciding factor: "We had a piano tuner

over," concedes an unimpressed financial supervisor who guards her anonymity. Despite its forthright, modern image, the group fears the stigma of desperation.

Lingerage prejudices notwithstanding, one self-styled "Group of eight" is germinating in—and already occupying—School a round robin in Toronto. Says "Join us for coffee in a warm and informal atmosphere." The group's three women professionals and two business executives in their early 30s and the whose interests include tennis, bridge, dancing, sailing, theatre.

—CHRISTINE BROWN



How long is a work week?

A maverick employment standards decision worries industry



By Brian D. Johnson

It was an astonishing coup for a small, somewhat obscure union that most of organized labor regards as a curious relic from the '50s. Without raising a protest, Sudbury's 2,000-member Mine Mill and Smelter Workers Union (MMSU) Local 388 has forced Ontario's major resource industries to run for cover in the courts the union, which works mainly for Falconbridge Nickel, sought for and got a new interpretation of "the work week."

For several years the union complained it was both cruel and illegal for Falconbridge to require its smelter workers to put in seven days at a stretch at their regular wage. Now a maverick decision on July 13 by Ray Egan, a referee for the Ontario ministry of labor, has accepted the union's argument that such a schedule violated the province's Employment Standards Act (ESA), which says no employee should work more than 44 hours a week without receiving overtime pay. Falconbridge promptly launched an appeal to Ontario's divisional court and now a host of

other employers anxiously await the outcome. If the court upholds Egans's ruling, it will send shock waves through the industrial relations departments in a broad range of businesses relying on stretched work weeks to cope with continuous 24-hour operations. More than 50,000 workers in the province could be affected—workers who may work 30 days on and four days off, or seven days on and two days off, averaged over a month's time. Employers running smelters, sawmills, pulp and paper plants, hospitals and a score of retail outlets would be obliged to either pay considerable amounts of overtime or redesign their schedules and hire more manpower. (Be for the controversy has not crept up in other provinces where employment standards legislation either defines the week as a fixed calendar period or leaves the interpretation up to the collective agreement.)

It reads thus that a ruling with such widespread implications should arise from a campaign staged by the MMSU, something of a no-poc republic within organized labor itself. Local 388 is Sudbury in affluence with no one, not even

the Canadian Labor Congress or the Sudbury Labor Council. "Yes, we're alone among the giants," chuckles Martin Mackay, the MMSU business agent who started the scrap with Falconbridge last year by bringing a test case before the province's small claims court. Mackay, a 68-year-old Newfoundlander with tattooed arms and a navy crew cut, says Egans's decision should make earth. Falconbridge, another worker eligible to receive \$10,000 in lost overtime pay—retrospective to 1978, when the seven-day timetable was first introduced.

Shift workers at the smelter gates say they would welcome the bonus but display a unanimous desire to work a shorter work week rather than receive overtime in the future. "Christ, we're dying in here," says Herb Robins, a 37-year



Falconbridge smelter workers showing strike (left). Mackay (bottom, above)

other employees anxious about the outcome. If the court upholds Egans's ruling, it will send shock waves through the industrial relations departments in a broad range of businesses relying on stretched work weeks to cope with continuous 24-hour operations. More than 50,000 workers in the province could be affected—workers who may work 30 days on and four days off, or seven days on and two days off, averaged over a month's time. Employers running smelters, sawmills, pulp and paper plants, hospitals and a score of retail outlets would be obliged to either pay considerable amounts of overtime or redesign their schedules and hire more manpower. (Be for the controversy has not crept up in other provinces where employment standards legislation either defines the week as a fixed calendar period or leaves the interpretation up to the collective agreement.)

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an expert tribunal, though even Mackay is not quite so confident.

A date for the hearing has not yet been set, but is expected this fall. Even if the courts do uphold Eaton's decision, the Ontario labor ministry may interfere before its implications are felt. Assistant Deputy Minister Nick Ignatow says, "There have been quite a few phone calls from the steel industry and the paper mills. It's a pretty darn tricky issue, and we're just trying to get our mitts around it."

While most employers worried about the legal decision have remained comment until the controversy has cleared the courts, Jim Hughes, executive director of the Ontario Mining Association, has already taken action. He has asked a committee of 100 members to calculate the cost impact of paying overtime, an option he does not consider out of the question. He argues industry could instead opt for irregular working shifts "which again would create employee dissatisfaction." But industry's real disagreement is far more disturbed about the decision than they are letting on. "The decision is drastic," says Dan Holder, Ontario vice-president of the Canadian Paperworkers Union, which, with the steelworkers, is following the SMC's lead in filing a complaint under the act. "We have word that the industry is lobbying something fierce."

Holder estimates about 17,000 pulp and paper workers across the province work schedules that would be illegal long according to Eaton's ruling. While seven-day weeks are most prevalent in the Canadian forest products industry, 10-day weeks are common. Holder says some paperworkers' schedules include "junktime" changes, whereby workers will come home from a midnight-to-8 a.m. shift and be expected to punch back in at 8 p.m. on the same day.

Other areas of the economy affected by Eaton's decision are the sprawling sectors of retail and service industries. Thousands of hospital workers, store clerks and hotel and restaurant employees work a "stretched" week. Randy Millage, a paternal representative of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, estimates that 30 per cent of CUPE's 32,300 hospital workers and nursing home staff work shifts contravening the SMC. But government cutbacks and shortages of manpower, especially in the nursing profession, make it difficult to simply hire extra staff to fill a more relaxed timetable.

Shrinking the work week in hospitals is obviously fraught with more complications than in smelters and paper mills, where the only real option is a reduction of corporate profits. But throughout all sectors, employers appear anxious to negotiate their tenure hours. □



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Reinterpreting the tale of the parting of the waves

An Egyptologist has a novel version of the exodus story



Goedcke: 'I don't believe a more poetical story would inspire that impact'

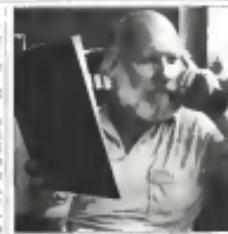
By Lesley Krueger

And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground, and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

—Exodus 14: 22

Many skeptics have for more than 30 years and the biblical tale of Moses parting the Red Sea to a more earthly catastrophe: the tidal wave caused by an eruption of the volcano Mount Aeonian island of Thera, which also destroyed the Minoan civilization in Crete. Now a renowned—controversial—Egyptologist, Hans Goedcke, chairman of Near Eastern studies at Johns Hopkins University in Maryland, claims to have pinpointed the time of this wave, and that of the Jewish exodus from Egypt. Goedcke puts the start of the exodus 380 years earlier than other experts guess, at about 1417 BC. But both the date and his novel reinterpretation of historical fact have raised scholars' hearty skepticism, as he questions once more how much of the Bible is true, and how much metaphor.

"One doesn't decide," points out Goedcke, "on a certain Monday at 9 a.m. to find the footprints of Moses." Instead he has been following exodus clues for 28 years. His main interest is elsewhere, in Egypt's Old Kingdom, of 2700 to 2300 BC—"and he's very good," a colleague says pointedly, "with his period." But this year the exodus first fascinated



Bedford scholar Henry Jacobson

then, he says, he began this winter, and next month he journeys to Tell El-Bisan, Egypt, the point he claims the fatal wave struck the plowed three-week anniversary of his dig could confirm or blight his theory.

From Pithan, scholars agree, the Israelites fled Egypt. Goedcke thinks they took the main seaway road to Palestine, which lay just south of the Mediterranean, where they were astonished by the fierce pillars of dead by day and pillars of fire by night—signs, he claims, of Thera's preliminary eruptions 380 km north. At first, the road was clear but the trouble appeared halfway to Palestine, on a shoulder. Goedcke points 10 km south of the coastal Lake Menzaleh. There the Egyptian army ap-

peared and the Lord spoke with Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp.

—Exodus 14:1,2

Goedcke thinks they turned south, occupying the sole defensive elevation on the plain. There, he says, they prepared armamentarily. Then, he claims, Goedcke observes, that only three hours later the tidal wave cascaded its line into Egypt. Goedcke believes this wave destroyed the pharaoh's army, while the Jews stood safe on high ground, the waters parting around them.

However attractive Goedcke's theory is, experts are skeptical. "The Bible doesn't allow simple analysis," warns Hebrew scholar Frank Cross of Harvard University. Some parts of the Bible predate others, and textual analysis can trace the evolution of fact into metaphor through incorporation of old myths. The exodus, he says, first appears in an early note as the Jews' flight from Egypt by sea during a violent storm. "As the theme in the Bible is developed by a motif of the Canaanites as god," says Cross, "we start to get the splitting of the sea, because of the splitting of the sea dragons of old myth."

Goedcke firmly disputes the interpretation. "The event of the parting of the sea is the basis of the entire Jewish religious experience," he says. "I don't believe a more poetical story would inspire that impact." Goedcke also disputes the motivation by Cross and Egyptologist Donald Redford at the University of Toronto that both textual analysis and Middle Eastern archaeology place the exodus as earlier than the 13th century BC. Goedcke points to his key evidence, however, from Hatchapara's reign, 1400 to 1360 BC, a royal inscription found on a stela at a site known as Sipan, Armenia. He translates it as: "And when I allowed the abomination of the gods to depart, the earth swallowed their heritage! This was the directive of the Priestly Father [Yah, the priestly water] who came one day unexpectedly."

Here a crucial debate arises. The respected Redford says Egyptians referred to any foreigners as "associates." And, translating from hieroglyphs, he renders the last sentence as: "That was the instruction of the Father of the Fathers [Ra, the sun god], who comes at his appointed time." In other words, as expected.

Again Goedcke demurs. When guests come at their own time, rather than the host's, he says, they come unexpectedly, thus in figurative rather than literal translation. Goedcke counters once again indignantly, but they still think him close to the exodus tale on all points, only like Moses, he's wandering in the desert. □



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CAFE DE PARIS
BY MCGUINNESS

A guerrilla war over bilingual learning

B.C. parents and officials are at odds as demand for French immersion continues to soar

By Sarah Jane Grawe

There is no need to speak French in Vernon, B.C. Yet Karen Johnson, a single mother and part-time bookkeeper, sends her three children to three different schools so Cory, 6, and Danay, 5, can become bilingual. "No matter where they grow up in B.C., French will open more doors," says Johnson. For two years the Vernon school board has refused to establish French immersion programs. "They say immersion is for the elite, but that is not the case," she argues.

Her struggle is not unique. Province-wide enrollment in French immersion (which uses French as the sole language of instruction until Grade 3 and for all

and teachers of an entrenched English-language school system threatened with displacement. And it's the local school boards that most grudgingly want tax dollars should the federal government continue to respect its financial contribution to immersion programs country-wide. Meanwhile, some of the 22 out of 76 provincial boards that have approved French immersion programs, after several fits and starts, have refused to establish French immersion programs. "They say immersion is for the elite, but that is not the case," she argues.

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Elementary School in Richmond because, by the end of the last school year, French immersion students outnumbered the English-speaking children by two to one. Says Barker: "I don't want my children to attend school where they will be a minority."

Nick Arslanoff, director of the educational ministry's modern languages branch, admits that "the English-speaking parents are not being accommodated out of their schools." Instead, Cook school is a candidate. Four years ago it was designated for maximum hours of法语 instruction. By last spring the trustees were forced to close the swelling French immersion option in three other district schools. This escalated a troublesome teacher shortage, aggravated anti-French feeling throughout Richmond and is about displaced everybody—including parents of the French immersion students, who worried that sharing a school would dilute their child's exposure to French.

Although B.C. is the last province to frit over the often-controversial arrival of French immersion, it has so far proved singularly unprepared for the current onslaught. Officials are projecting an enrollment of 1,100 for this September—up from 50 in 1979. In the East, where immersion has been well established since the mid-'80s, there has been time to retrofit Ontario, for example, has built in a method for offsetting the additional costs incurred by a new French immersion class. By contrast, B.C. is delaying necessary renovations in funding formulas, although the ministry promises to change this in September, 1982. And in Alberta and Manitoba, where demand for bilingual education is also rising, training for qualified teachers is already in place and priorities to ease current shortages. B.C., on the other hand, has an intensive program to train bilingual teachers. Frenchophones from Quebec, urgently needed in all schools, would have to be bilingual in order to study for a teaching certificate in the province.

As besieged B.C. officials face an administrative nightmare, pro-immersion parents continue to insist that access to a second language is practical in terms of both culture and career. But Ken Barker remains unconvinced. "It would be great if all Canada could afford to make every citizen bilingual. But meanwhile, I don't see how you sit it, the majority always rules."



Johnson with Danay (left), Richard and Cory, Barker with outnumbered children

least half the time thereafter) has jumped by 58 per cent over the past two years—the highest increase in the country. In a province where the power of English will forever rule—where sports fans have no scrap of French in O'Canada—a stampede to immersion has an embarrassed provincial government staffing for time, despite its vaunted commitment to offer instruction in both official languages.

As a result, local school boards are wary of introducing French immersion, which requires optional even if the required minimum of 20 students requests it. After all, it's local politicians who must risk alienating the parents

and the local trustees as well as they couldn't refuse. The group demanded the *Provençal Café de l'Amour*, which was French as the exclusive language of instruction and is mandatory when 30 or more students request it. But in April the provincial government quashed the future use of this tactic by limiting classes with few exceptions, to sons and daughters of Frenchophones. Guerrilla warfare is heated as both sides: "Only a small percentage of the B.C. population is French. Maybe it would be better if we all spoke English," says Barker, an employee of B.C. Telephones, says bitterly Barker is transferring his children out of Wilson Cook

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FILMS



William: a magnetic physical presence

The brittle prince

PRINCE OF THE CITY
Directed by Sidney Lumet

When Sidney Lumet shoots movies in New York, it's as though he comes back from the dead. The city's most popular earned of residence gets his Jones going in his *Harrison*, *Day Afternoon* and new *Prince of the City* they move faster and with greater assurance than when he's stranded in his *TV studio* (*Network*) or elaborate sets (*The Way*). In *Prince of the City*, New York and Trevor Williams, playing a narration detective who races to a commission investigating corruption where the spotlight, and have the *TV* gangsta glances.

Based on a true story, *Prince of the City* is a good old Stephen Denny Clegg isn't a full hero. Even his motives for going straight aren't made clear. He doesn't even know them. All he knows is that he doesn't want to rat on his buddies who, like everyone else on the special narcotics force, have been on the take. (They're called "princes of the city" because they are the only arm of the law with jurisdiction over the entire city.) When Denny grudgingly volunteers his services to the two investiga-

tors (Norman Packer and Paul Reubens) from the district attorney's office, he protests his partners by saying that he doesn't have any of the necessary facts to help him. Denny doesn't realize just how deep his trapping, and that the federal commission is not to bug the association force him. Fifty-two interviews are finally concluded and two detectives, his friends, comment smugly:

"For nearly three hours, the movie parentally follows Clegg to the point where he faces indictment for performing himself. Because of the legal complexities and the number of characters in-

olved, the movie is heavy going. But it usually has shafts from Clegg. Trevor Williams is the perfect detective with the bushy eyebrows in *The Rite* and one of the best boppers in *Day*. Denny has never had the chance to display the range and emotional complexity he does here. Williams is as riveting as DeNiro in *Mean Streets* and Packer in *Day*. Afternoon, his physical presence is like a song—not his thoughts, energy draws us toward him. Looked up at the black sheep by his Italian family, Denny is an ordinary guy torn apart by divided loy-

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sities and guilt. Williams modulates his deterioration into a cross paroxysm beautifully. The snarling outbursts of anger and desperation aren't overplayed—the keep holding and Clio's a human project, cooler. He's impaled but he faces indirection, as the star witness for the prosecution he's heavily girded for. Hart, dimmed, does the sexual exercise as a father, friend and husband. He has always worked for Trout. Williams keeps *Prince of the City* hot under the collar for a longer time than most established actors could.

Lester and his co-writer, Ray Prentiss Allen, don't insert Clio on a pedestal as much as show what a bind he's placed in. And they also force us to respond with admiration to the depth of the federal commission he's invited to the last-majored fingerball by Bob Balaban's squeaky-clean and shrewd, high-scholar federal nerd. The lawyers and officials bureaucrats gain the most in the name of crusading, they get the promotions. The working stiff like Clio and his brother are used and, when naked, finally shaved. It's been some time since a lewdly movie survived by the sheer will of its intelligence rather than stars, sets and pleasing surfaces. *Prince of the City* has such surfaces, but not at the expense of depth. The detail is dramatic, the dialogue tailored to the streets. It has energy to burn—and a searching performance by a brand-new star.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Cool denizens of an erotic furnace

BODY HEAT
Directed by Lester, see Kudsin

There hasn't been as much talk about the sweltering heat since Maggie the Cat got stuck on a hot pan for days. The heat in *Body Heat* is oppressive; it's fatally absurd, and would be just that if the sweat didn't have such an erotic glow. A mix-and-match reworking of *Double Indemnity* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, with a contemporary setting and a few twists all its own, the plot of *Body Heat* is familiar but still seductive. Small-time operator Ned Racine (William Hurt) as a risks-and-flame attorney meets slick, sexually repressed Marty Walker (Kathleen Turner) who is married to an older but loaded man (Richard Crenna). They bring him to the dough and, true to the genre's tradition, things begin to go awry. You've seen it all before (or most of it) but you may not have seen it in quite the same light.

Lawrence Kudsin (the ditto the music strip) signs off: "The Empire Strikes Back and Raiders of the Lost Ark



Heat and sweat, from passion and fear of discovery, are the two dominant motifs in *Body Heat*, pushed to the point of orgy (perhaps too much). Kudsin's Ardennes heat is fused in his choice to tell a story that has been run through the mill since the 1960s, the associations are from the material and occasionally throws a spanner into the dialogue (there are a few too many "diseases" during the pre- and post-ecdysis talk). A shot of Turner sweating her legs out of her jeans is the first shot of Barbara Stanwyck's evening gown; the stars wear their hair and let it down. Kathleen Turner is the heat of the body (in the trunk of a car, during a foggy night) is too close to *Indecency* for comfort. These homages show Kudsin up; he's overly obsessed with making a '60s movie.

He is, however, wonderful with actors

CRUCIAL (left), Hurt and Turner: the past is familiar but still seductive



shows a gift for tart, tightly wound dialogue with a wickedly funny throat lilt. "You're not too smart, are you?" says the ramp to the attorney. "I like that in a man." Taking his first crack at directing, Kudsin shows an awesome talent for visual storytelling. Colors seem to bloom in the perverse night scenes and they're as eerie as the finking choppers outside Marty's bedroom. The erotic encounters in *Body Heat* have a similar charge to those in the official remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* earlier this year, though they are less effective for being more prolonged. Kudsin is a true virgin director; he's anxious to keep everything on lock all the time.



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A southern triumph for the Great White North

The satire of *SCTV* takes the American airwaves by storm

The summer success of *SCTV* Network 50, which filled the gaping hole left in television humor when the original cast of *Saturday Night Live* departed, was remarkable for its subtlety. Spearheaded by James Woods' constant comment in *The Village Voice*, the American critics were generally ecstatic. So too were *SCTV* critics across a first page *THURSDAY NIGHT* across ON EARTH. To no one's surprise, *SCTV* has repeated *SCTV* for the fall—now 80-minute shows starting Oct. 16 followed by an option for nine more as well as a general five-year option. That gives *SCTV* the distinction of being the first Canadian TV series to make the border crossing with brain loads to give it.

The conservative critics, says Andrew Alexander, the show's producer, "are not to be easily won." The ratings went up and down during the summer but improved dramatically during the past four or five weeks. Now they're more than respectable and the network's happy. "It all sounds strikingly similar to *Saturday Night Live* in its solid days: terrific response and gradually rising ratings.

Like *Saturday Night Live* alumnus Dan Aykroyd and Gilda Radner, most of the members of *SCTV* eat their teeth with *Terminator 2* and *City* comedy traps. But unlike the stage version, the subject of *SCTV* is almost entirely television.

Nick Morris (left) and Dave Thomas: The language of exotic creatures



Andrea Martin and Joe Flaherty: TV's *exotic* relatives

And it is set within a TV format. The show has its own ads (it's hard to tell them from real ones), flaunts its own personalities and hopes its own geo-geography. Unique and wonderfully weird is that respect. *SCTV* never assumes itches are a virtue (as *Saturday Night Live* did) and as it should do correctly in this season. It also appeals to a larger audience: everyone is aware of the concept of television, and everyone gets the jokes.

While television may be the great equalizer, talent is the great divider. The magnificently neurotic who can do the cast of *SCTV* are the best breed of writers to gather in years. Some of the energy and pizzazz that immediately appealed to *SCTV* includes Catherine O'Hara's curvaceous and garrulous Therese Huppens, Dave Thomas and Joe Flaherty as Bob and Bang on the road, Rick Moranis' Marc Griffin, Andrea Martin's India Coddle and Eugene Levy and John Candy as Ricardo Moustaches and Tatou from *Playtime Island*. The combined technical powers place few limitations on anything they attempt to parody, except *SCTV* usually always goes beyond parody into true farce.

The difference between the two is the difference between looking and touching. The edge in the writing, contributed to by the cast, is sharp and precise. The language of exotic creatures always goes beyond parody into true farce.

Andrea thinks the show's success is due to talent. "They're a strong ensemble who have been working together for years." But Alexander, who began the Toronto branch of *Saturday Night* (the original was born in Chicago) and who has turned himself "ambitious" and "a hustler," is in no small way responsible for it as well. He doesn't think the Canadian content is important to Americans. However, when Bob and Doug MacKenzie—drinking beer and strung in togues and lumber jackets—talk about writing quite contentedly on *The Great White North*, it's a safe bet that Americans find their bluntness of "bliss," "eh," "you know" and "rights" the language of exotic creatures.

Exotic, but with some basis in their own experience. Everyone knows someone like Andrea Martin's leopardskinned Edith Prokisch, whose ambition in life is to be a "chick." Or Martin's Prun Solomon, the "foreign person" who gets well with the English language but is forever afraid it's a sea of vowels. There's a human element in *SCTV* that gives it a sense of breadth, and an intelligence that makes it jump.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Chasing a happy ending

CONVERSATIONS WITH
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER
REFUGEE FROM INDIAN CREEK
By Enrique Henk Lopez
(McGraw-Hill and St. Martin's, \$19.95)

try to produce fine work. As a woman, she felt another goal as male artist did not to worry about "You're brought up with . . . the canons idea of feminine availability in all spiritual ways, and in giving service to anyone who demands it."

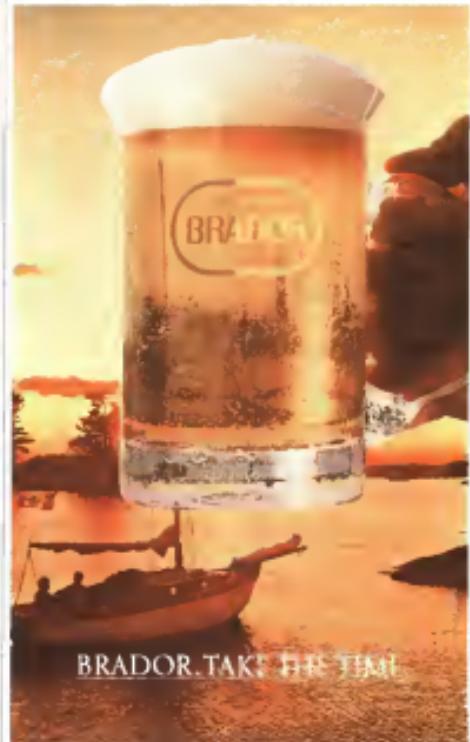
For Porter there was no resolution. A

lifetime of vivid experiences was tempered by the painful conviction, as she said, that she had wasted at least some of her time and talents. But like the other Southern women of distinction, Edna Welty and Flannery O'Connor, Porter had a strong, compelling voice and, despite her long periods of living failure, she used it to tell memorable stories, most of which were autobiographical. One of her most famous *Pole House*, *Pole Rider*, was the haunting tale of a young woman she called Miranda, and her husband's lover, bonding influences. Before the love died,

For all the praise and prizes that she garnered, American writer Katherine Anne Porter wrote hardly any in her lifetime—three slim volumes of short stories, a collection of essays and one much-loved novel, *Ship of Fools*, which took 20 years to write and was interrupted, she once remarked scathingly in an interview, "by just anyone who could jump my way into my life." She was a beautiful Southern belle with violet eyes, a wicked wit and an insatiable urge to wander, a routine and who could never quite settle down domestically, or into her work. She ran with Mexican revolutionaries during the *Obrerista* Revolution of 1910, collected three husbands—her first when she was 16—and numerous lovers, and lived, in every place, as she put it, from the "howling wilderness" (she was born in Indiana Creek, Tex.) to the capitals of the world, including Paris, Washington, Berlin and Mexico City.

As an artist, she felt the traditional conflict between being a free spirit and living the exacting, monastic life necessary

Porter: an insatiable urge to wander



the two sing from an old Negro spiritual. "Poor horse, pale rider, done taken me long a ways."

When Porter died last September just after her 90th birthday, she left no autobiography but she did leave behind a series of taped conversations with English Hank Loper, a Mexican author and lawyer Loper left the Southern Belle put away with murder she Adged down, refused to reveal the name of her first husband and contradicted herself several times. In an author's note, he gently forgives her (and himself) explaining that his book is "the revelation of the life perceived by the subject, not always the life that was led."

The result is neither entirely satisfactory as biography, nor—when Porter's words are used—autobiography, but it is a charming book all the same, scattered with brilliant recollections. In the winter of 1929, Porter, living in Berlin, found herself at a dinner party with Hitler's two disciples, Joseph Goebbels and Hermann Göring. Sitting rather twitchily on a sofa with Göring, she listened to him explain in staggering detail how he was going to rid his country of the Jews, fell a chill go through her body and argued with him. Still, she accepted his offer to drive her home. En route he insisted on stopping at a bar garden for a dance. To her surprise, he was a good dancer, "probably the only man there who didn't pump his left arm." The next night she stood home up for dinner and they never met again.

Despite her wit and talent, Porter was not able to make a living from her writing until *Ship of Fools* was published in 1962, when she was 72 years old. It earned her nearly a million dollars, but by then it was too late. Finally she was comfortable but, it seemed, too tired to write. She had always hoped to die, she told Loper, "with my boots on."

Working full tilt at my typewriter, Porter did instead die, dissolved suddenly into illness and then death, and was finally buried in a small mail-order casket she had bought herself—managing to tidiily wrap up an otherwise untidy existence. The price she paid was a batch of uncompleted manuscripts in her basement.

—JULIEN CLARK



Jane Bowles with her husband, Paul, in 1949. *© 1949, critical edition and accessories*

year "Immediately, it is clear that as a judge of relevance (which any good biographer must be) she's busy. Still, she cares about her subject, even if not in any particularly illuminating way. Because her book draws attention to a talent worth caring about, one needs on."

Born in New York in 1909, Jane Bowles was Jewish and had a bad leg. She was also gay, a fact described on the dust jacket as "experimenting with her bisexuality." Sometimes she thought it funny to refer to herself as "Cripps, the Kite Dyke." Although she found women more "profound and mysterious—and delicious," she married Paul Bowles, a composer and another more famous and prolific than she. Her published output was limited to only a play (*On the Semester Home*), a novel (*Ties Seven Loosened*) and seven short stories. Even that, however, was enough that Tennessee Williams once described her as "the most important writer of prose fiction in modern American letters."

Williams also wrote that "Her work doesn't need an appreciation influenced by sympathy with the conventions of her life." But apparently, this doesn't think so, and thus *Ship of Fools*—gritty Bowles was a woman of childhood whims, whims and excesses. She moved frequently between New York and Tangier, where she carried an unwise taste for Charlie, a woman who took her money and kept a black-magic packet in the phial she'd dropped. While a biographer may be expected to keep orderly track of such a many-life, life, to the nice pretenses pretends to deal with the writer as well. Instead of, say, comparing Ties to Eugene Berman or Carson McCullers, American writers who treat the lives of popular people—Doris, bubble-headed, grandiose, paragraphs and Jewish speculations about Bowles's connection to her fictional creations.

The interviewing. Elbowdeep in facts after five years in favor of a series of memoirs related to him by Gleason, a fellow passenger as a transatlantic liner. In his first talk, Gleason tells how, travelling through the Atlantic again, he encountered an itinerant. One Oberlin is thus decapitated by a truth and the other, whimsical, popping up now and then in subsequent recollections told by five characters ranging from Blaize, a fiddling antique dealer, to Pwintin, the

ing is only partly true, since, Gleason was only partly *Madame Gleason*."

Less than halfway through this biography, Bowles has already finished the last *Striptease* she's ever to complete. There is the play to come of it was produced on Broadway in 1962 and not understood by the critics, but what's left is the unfolding of her physical, mental and artistic decline. Gleason furnishes no, citing medical reports of Bowles's failing nerves and firsthand accounts of those who remember her morning drags and drink and showing up in bars in her nights. However, the book is saved from becoming an exercise in moral memory by the sense of Bowles herself in several long letters. Out of them emerges a character far clearer and more charming than Dillen, with all her good intentions and plodding research, is able to summon. For all this book's many words, the most elegant statement comes in a letter Bowles wrote after a stroke that left her aphasic: "Insanity is my toughest problem plus the fear of being alone."

—DAVID LEVINGSTON

Six characters in search of an editor

ELDORADO ON ICE

By Denise Cháchar, translated by David Loshab
(Oberon, \$27.95 hard-cover,
\$8.95 soft-cover)

This first novel constitutes a triple entrapment. Defying all norms of taste, the manuscript managed to get into print (in French, in Quebec), it then won the 1979 Prix littéraire Gilbert, one of Quebec's proliferating and debased literary awards, and now, for the greater glory of national literature, it has been translated into English.

Whether or not an English-speaking editor has talent a magnifying as that any sensible publication would have told him to rewrite his manuscript and come back next year. Admittedly, of editorial responsibility is let—oversight even to experienced writers, but when it is replaced by self-negligent literary naivete, the results can be disastrous for beginners.

The interviewing. Elbowdeep in facts after five years in favor of a series of memoirs related to him by Gleason, a fellow passenger as a transatlantic liner. In his first talk, Gleason tells how, travelling through the Atlantic again, he encountered an itinerant. One Oberlin is thus decapitated by a truth and the other, whimsical, popping up now and then in subsequent recollections told by five characters ranging from Blaize, a fiddling antique dealer, to Pwintin, the



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The messy life of an odd traveller

A LITTLE ORIGINAL SIN
by Michael J. DeGruy
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On the second of this book's unengaging 48 pages, Michael J. DeGruy chooses to assure our following information: "She broke her right leg in 1981. I broke mine the same

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bermuda, impotent master of an island brochel called Chateaupierre. Understaged by the lack of plot, the reader cogently notes the pointed literary references in Pauskin and the mysterious construction of Chateaupierre's hideout the same. His walls are *sheeshees*. Fassine fancies himself "master of all facets of human existence." Not only that, but Chateaupierre, after weathering an ice age, is destroyed by fire. Gasp! Something could be obviously about.

For all these heavy-handed harangues of meaning, nothing except Chabot's halucinating consciousness holds the book together and, for all their eccentricities, the characters are indistinguishable. The reader is left holding a bunch of boring, disconnected dope stories. Chabot has managed some wit, too. They may be unavoidable in an isolated, whorish, but isolated from any kind of integrating moral or aesthetic framework, the lacration of words with broken beer bottles reads like plain old crassitudine violence.

Reversing or purifying material like this is what others are for. The novel's strange, pointless, senseless evocation through the narrative sense of what the real Alberta is like—should have been the focus of the story, not its decor. First novels are often published because they demonstrate more potential than mastery, but Eldorado *on* for reveals neither. Yet the author is not to blame. Warned by the irresponsible national exposure, he will probably write a second novel as bad as the first and be none the wiser for it.

—MARE CHASESEBI

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1. *Mobile Home*, Churchill (4)
2. *God Emperor of China*, Mordvin (8)
3. *Gorky Park*, Le Carre (1)
4. *The Last Castle*, McMurtry (1)
5. *The Gothic House*, Wimberly (6)
6. *The Cloches of God*, West (5)
7. *Goodbye, Janette*, Robson (7)
8. *Trade Wind*, Kage (6)
9. *Larissa's Lamp*, Higgins (6)
10. *The Temptation of Edie Huches*, Moore (6)

Nonfiction

1. *The Lord God Made Them All*, Herren (10)
2. *The Beverly Hills Diet*, Mordvin (5)
3. *Debrett's Book of the Royal Wedding*, Wimberly (6)
4. *The Knack*, GILL, Cambridge (7)
5. *Swedes*, Sagan (5)
6. *The High Life*, in Male
Sternberg, (19) (6)
7. *Terry Fox*, MacSharry, Morrison (6)
8. *Patton's Gap*, Robson (6)
9. *Servants & Wives in the Industrial Revolution*, Knibb (6)
10. *Hash Marfaussoin: A Writer's Life*, Cremore (6)
11. *Freedom for Meek*

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MUSIC

Jazzing up the summer

In just a few years a minority taste in the '80s, it would have been difficult to convince Edmontonians of this established musical reality last week. For eight days, the Alberta capital transformed itself into a self-proclaimed "Jazz City," hosting the second annual Edmonton International jazz festival. Other Canadian cities (Montreal, Vancouver) have staged jazz events this summer, but the Edmonton gala, a Canada's only genuine world-class effort, is a somewhat scaled-down equivalent of the huge Montreal. This year's comprehensive program included 33 theatre concerts (most of which sold out), free downtown nose-hair performances, a daily schedule of festival workshops, a fringe scene at area nightclubs and screenings of jazz films. Jazz City has become a solid local institution in a place renowned more for rough-and-ready rhythm.

As is the case with most entertainment successes, the motivating force is a small group of devotees and, ultimately, one big mover. The nonprofit Edmonton Jazz Society was formed in 1983 with musicologist-broadcaster Barry Vandy at the helm—a position he still occupies as festival artistic director. Vandy and company saw their big opportunity last year during Alberta's \$75-million 1986 birthday party. Sponsored by a \$500,000 Alberta Culture grant, Jazz City made believers of many skeptics. Each year, slightly commercial acts such as Spyro Gyra or Chaka Khan—organizers present an in-

elligent cross-section of jazz scenes stretching from the pop-ish Joe Posa to the innovative of the Art Ensemble of Chicago. The festival attracted hordes of young upwardly mobile Albertans in search of something to replace (or supplement) a waning interest in rock or folk.

In fact, this failed demographic group (aged 18 to 35) is arguably the key to Jazz City's economic future. Edmonton's downtown economy and consumer-grade population growth has created an almost maniacal desire among many young professionals for the pursued good life. Depending on the motivations of the listener, certain schools of jazz can provide an unchallenging musical atmosphere—white noise to accompany the mineral water, Boston ferns and

James Moody Brooks (left); Vassay; scalloped-shells equivalent of Montrouge

quiche believed by a segment of the white wine generation. While it would be unfair to characterize the majority of Edmonton jazz listeners as such, dozens of gold-chain jazz houses could be found among the usual tweed-and-jeans set at Jazz City performances last week. It remains to be seen whether next year these new passersby will discard the mass as easily as a pair of frayed Calvin Klein.

Still, the fact that this year's festival happened at all is a testament to the dogged determination of Vandy and his board members. With last year's funding a pleasant memory, the board threw in its lot with Sunfestfest, a city umbrella group which supports a variety of cultural events. Through months of nail-biting, funds were finally released in late spring—barely enough time to book one major concert, much less mount a world-class festival. By any measure, the organizers pulled it off admirably, putting together another impressive, wide-ranging bill. From the fusion of Billie Holiday and Randy Brecker to the smooth school of Ramsey Lewis and Herb Ellis, the frenetic 24-6 of Rita James to John Abercrombie's lyrical ballads, plenty of high-profile musicals were covered. The regimen was particularly strong for traditional music such as drums, Art Blakey and blues greats Lamar Brookins. He turned in a dandy solo performance before large houses. But the highlight, Arthur Prysock's curtain call, drew fewer than 300 patrons, poster reactions alone the future musical direction of the festival. Also, there was a conspicuous shortage of Canadian acts in the major concert series, drawing heat from the media and local players. Organizers claimed the late funding prevented the booking of a Canadian act of sufficient quality and promised to remedy the earlier next year. Such difficulties seem to have given the charmers of Jazz City an extra degree of resolve: jazz is likely to be part of Edmonton summers for a good many years.

—ALAN KELLOGG



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SHOW BIZ

Las Vegas on the range

The dinner guests take a final sip of well-worn coffee and adjust their chairs to face the stage. The lights dim, the music starts and the performers they have all been waiting for minutes onstage in a black tent. Las Vegas on the range, the new neophyte cowboys. "Hi, I'm Johnny Cash." The audience cheers.

With a gargantuan seating capacity of 1,750, a top ticket price of \$75 and the promise of such attractions as Anne Murray, Red Skelton, Tom Jones, Tammy Wynette and Bob Newhart, there is a Las Vegas glimmer to the scene. But Devil's Lake Corral is about as far removed physically from the Neoprene-kyle savannahs of Nevada as Caesar's Palace is geographically from the Stratford Festival. Situated in a field near One-way, Alta. (40 km northeast of Edmonton), Canada's largest dinner theatre is accessible only by a narrow two-lane highway. Earlier this month the opening-night crowd of 1,750 formed what resembled a convoy, lurching toward Johnny Cash. "I haven't had to go this far for a show since I went to Australia," confided the Max in Black to his audience.

The operators of Devil's Lake Corral have gone all the way in fulfilling their dream of creating a Las Vegas-style dinner theatre to tap the disposable petrodollars of Albertans. Wayne Petruccia, a farm equipment dealer and chuck-wagon racer, and Larry Schlichenmayer, a realtor-cow-cowboy-riding, sat out coffee three years ago and foreseen a rash of stars flocking to



Schlichenmayer, Bourne Anne Murray, and soft drinks on the house

Onaway. Six million dollars and 17 investors later, Devil's Lake is larger than life. The 40,000-square-foot cedar structure looks like a barn and stands fully self-sufficiently in the middle of 37 acres of grass, lake and big herons. ("It's their nesting ground," explains Bourne.) The Corral will be open year-round, in the face of treacherous road

conditions and exorbitant heating costs. Engagements for Red Skelton, in late August, and Anne Murray, in early September, are already 85 per cent sold out. But that Anne Murray has trouble selling 1,750 tickets anywhere, but to over 1,000 for \$100,000 per show and the hefty overhead, ticket prices (break included) range from \$50 to \$100.

—SUSAN PEDDLE

Cast out to tap those petrodollars



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For the moment, the response audience has to be patient with the kinks of the fledgling operation. "We had our share of problems," says Bourne of the opening-night fiasco. The potato baked exploded and the kitchen ran out of vegetables, leaving many guests with little more than a slab of Alberta beef as their plate. Served in get-your-own style, the patrons were herded through food stations to pick up beef cooked on a 15-square inch barbecue.

To make matters worse, no liquor could be served. The liquor license application had been submitted in the Alberta Liquor Control Board three weeks before the Corral's opening, and the board has yet to decide whether to allow establishments in such a vast hall. "We don't know what's taking them so long," says Schlichenmayer, looking dazedly at one of the five computerized bars, where a freaked-out bartender was serving soft drinks (on the house, of course).

At least customers will now have to worry about a Las Vegas-style hotel fee. Accommodations will be limited to camping grounds (with spaces for motor homes), after watching the stars, patrons can also enter the stars. The lake offers fishing for northern pike and pickerel, so if the kitchen fails guests can angle for their own sustenance—just like real cowboys.

History replayed in Portugal

Watching the Europeans play on the sunny southern strand

By Allan Fotheringham

The new of the world as seen from a beach in Portugal looking across to Africa

In the World Cup soccer finals, held in London in 1966, host England and West Germany met for the championship of the most popular sport in the universe. The day before the match, a Fleet Street sportswriter told his readers, "If, on the morrow, the Germans should beat us at our national sport at Wembley Stadium, let us remember that we have twice beaten them at their." Here in Portugal—a neutral during our most recent world war—the struggle between the Brits and the Bungs go on, the only casualty being the casual traveler seeking only his mandatory annual brain transplant peace, solitude and a resort that will make the world safe for democracy.

At the Hotel Dona Filipa, at Vale da Lobo in the Algarve, the battle lines are less severe than the trenches of the Somme... are drawn around polo mallets, not umbrella, towels, not beach chairs, waters and dune buggies.

Today's are serious matters for the European, a sport in the sun a characteristica, the one and only respite from engorged cities and constricted economies. One doesn't surrender an inch of beach without a struggle. Charkill—who preferred Marrakech—would have approved.

The Algarve, shut off from the rest of Portugal by a modest mountain range, looks due south to Morocco. It is spectacular in beauty, the deep green of its trees set off by bleeding white villas with their orange tile roofs, hating the sky like a vicious transgressor. The Algarve surf pounds in on the beach, just before the ocean squares in at Gibraltar to become a sea called Mediterranean.

The problem is the struggle between southern European resorts to compete for these sun-starved refugees from the north. Differing package terms go to different travel agents, differing cross-

roads—a net thrown wide. So we have those German industrialists, sleek in face and coiffure, round of belly, with these last-minute flights from some Luau-style package tour. The results prevent a traveler from finishing his long-promised read of *War and Peace*. It is a matter of travel that the less one pays for his accommodation, the more theitching. The Brits are rude, shouting loudly at their children who are defiling the pool the German industrialists has paid for so as to purchase privacy

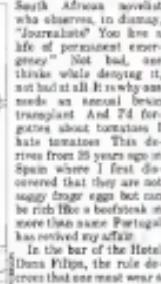
four houses from the north country. One would guess, by the George Formby accents, from Leeds or the midlands. They are in their early 40s and are attempting to go topless.

It is part of the struggle with the shameless continental demands. One of the four does not have the equipment to attempt it. The other three manage it bravely if not comfortably, the double-take Portuguese men allowing that, if anything is to win over their neutrality, this is not it. Is the bar is entrenched a

South African novelist who observes, in dismay, "Journalist? You live a life of permanent emergency." Not bad, one thinks while drying it, not bad at all. It is why he needs an annual brain transplant. And 74 forgoes about tomatoes I hate tomatoes. This derives from 30 years ago in Spain where I first discovered that they are not sugary dager eggs but can be rich like a beefsteak in more than name. Portugal has relieved my aches.

In the bar of the Hotel Dona Filipa, the rule decrees that one must wear a shirt and jacket after 7:30 p.m. The Brits are transported to the Algarve. The German industrialists sit alone with their wives, never talking through dinner, no doubt worrying about the mark, watching the noisy English children. When they leave, their wives follow two steps behind them.—Mike Philp

Proof that the main purpose of the world is to amuse itself is that European fashion, as of 1985, has adopted what was the cat's cap in Toy League colleges of the 1960s. The rather Germanic tourists now wear plaid Bermuda shorts that look exactly like what a badly-logged Cornell graduate of 1966 wore—and still wears. The rock British father who shoots a lot—the English equivalent of "the wags start at Calais" still appears on 2081 as one can discern from modest in restaurants—wears Adidas, appears from a distance to someone from Pennsylvania. On the beach, below the red cliffs of the Algarve (the White Cliffs of Dover, one was reminded again the other week, are not white at all but tinted grey), we



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